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From Beginning

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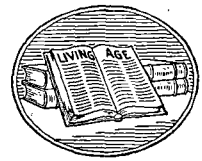

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THE LIVING AGE
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THE COVENANT: A CRITICAL COMMENTARY

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE VISCOUNT BRYCE

THE idea of a League of Nations for the enforcement of permanent peace has now at last emerged from the luminous mists of idealism into a definite plan which, although still not quite perfect in various respects, is sufficiently advanced to furnish at least a foundation for a permanent edifice, and can now profitably receive the criticism of well-wishers as well as of skeptics. The scheme is in some points vague and in some it is obscure; that is to say, it is doubtful what precisely are the cases which the words are intended to cover, and it is not always clear what the words mean in their application to these particular cases. Some of these obscurities are to be found in the most delicate and important parts of the plan, as I shall presently explain. Any criticisms that may have to be made ought to be made in an indulgent spirit, because the difficulties of forming any workable plan are immense. They are greater than can be present to the mind of any person who has not thought a good deal upon the subject, and has thereby come to realize the great number of thorny problems which it raises. A group of competent lawyers and publicists all belonging to the same country and sitting down to frame a scheme would find these problems hard enough. How much harder must it be, then, to frame any plan which would commend itself to the representatives of a number of different Great Powers, each of whom enters on the subject with preconceived ideas, national tendencies of view, ancient prejudices, and perhaps even a special personal view of the national interests involved. The Conference deserves the heartiest recognition of the friends of peace for having accomplished so much as it has done, and it doubtless feels that its work is capable of improvement by intelligent criticism and more prolonged study.

The general treaty, to which the name of 'Covenant' is given, is intended to cover the whole field in which the combined action of the powers who are to form the league can work for the peace of the world, and for the solution of questions affecting the relations of particular peoples. This Treaty or Covenant falls into two parts. One relates primarily to the preservation of world-peace, while the other contemplates and seeks to pro-

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vide for a number of spheres of action in which nations may coöperate with one another for various common ends. The constitution and scope of the league may be considered under three heads: First, the organs of the league; second, the powers to be exercised by those organs; third, the obligations which the members of the league undertake.

The organs are two. One, called the Executive Council, is to consist of 'representatives of the five Great Powers — the United States of America, the British Empire, France, Italy, and Japan, together with the representatives of four other States, members of the league.' These four States to be selected by the Body of Delegates, hereinafter mentioned. This council is to meet at least once a year and at other times as occasion may require. The other organ is called the Body of Delegates, and is to consist of persons representing 'the high contracting parties' — *i.e.*, the members of the league. The delegates are to meet less frequently than the council, and any State may be represented by delegates not more than three in number, but having only one collective vote. It is not said what is the authority within each country which is to appoint its delegates, so it is apparently meant that the executive government of each country will have the right to do so, but we may presume that its exercise of the function will be subject to the control of the Legislature. Neither is it stated who is to convoke the meetings of the delegates, whether they are to regulate this matter for themselves, or whether it is to be regulated by the Executive Council, nor how far they are to be entitled to know what passes in the Executive Council. The original members of the league will consist of the States which have signed the Covenant and of others named in the protocol (to be annexed thereto) as 'States to be invited to adhere to the Covenant.' Thereafter, admission to the league of States not signatories and not so named as aforesaid will require the assent of not less than two thirds of the States represented in the Body of Delegates, 'and no State will be admitted unless it is able to give effective guaranties of its sincere intention to observe its international obligations and unless it shall conform to such principles as may be prescribed by the league, in regard to its military and naval forces and armaments.' Nothing is said as to the withdrawal of a State; it is neither forbidden nor provided for. It will be understood from this that the question of admitting those two great countries whose future constitution and government remain at this moment undetermined — Germany and Russia — is meant to stand over, and this is really the only way in which the matter can be dealt with. No one can yet tell what sort of a State will ultimately emerge either in Russia or Germany, and whether such a State could be trusted to enter a League of Peace. It may, I think, be assumed that if such a State does ultimately emerge, one which could be trusted to be an honest and loyal member of the league, it would be invited to enter, for to leave a great nation outside without adequate reasons would obviously be much to the injury of the league itself, and to the prospects of world peace.

Now as to the powers of the league. They are to be exercised mainly by the Executive Council, and it is not easy to make out how much is to be left to the Body of Delegates, and what the relations of that body to the Executive Council are meant to be. Some points, at least, are clear. It is the Executive Council that is to 'formulate plans for the establishment of a

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permanent Court of International Justice,' to which justiciable questions are to be referred, and it is also the council which will have the supervision of the armaments to be maintained by each State. The council will deal with all disputes that may arise between the parties, members of the league, will inquire into them and make recommendations for their settlement, and if any party to a dispute refuses to comply with the recommendations it is again the Executive Council that shall 'consider and propose the measures necessary to give effect to the recommendations.' It is also to have authority to deal with disputes arising between a member of the league and a State which is not a member, and between States which are not members of the league. If such a State (or States) accepts an offer made by the league to inquire into the merits and circumstances of the dispute, the council shall proceed so to inquire, and in case the invitation is refused the council shall, nevertheless, take such action, and proceed to make such recommendations, as may be required to prevent hostilities. The functions and powers of the Body of Delegates are less clearly set forth, but in any case they are much more restricted. They have, however, the general right (Article 2) of 'dealing with matters within the sphere of action of the league,' a vague provision which may or may not include something in the nature of international legislation. They have, also (Article 15), the power of dealing with cases of disputes likely to lead to war which may be referred to them by the Executive Council. Nor is there apparently anything to prevent them from debating any questions that they please, and making recommendations upon such questions to the Executive Council. There is also to be a permanent International Secretariat, the Secretary-General being appointed by the council. It may turn out to be one of the most important parts of the scheme.

The obligations undertaken by the parties, members of the league, are, first of all, 'in no way to conceal from each other the conditions of such of their industries as are capable of being adapted to warlike purposes, or the scale of their armaments' (Article 8). They also undertake (Article 12), that, should disputes arise between them, they will not resort to war 'without previously submitting the questions and matters involved either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Executive Council, nor until three months after the award or recommendation, and that they will not even then resort to war as against any member which complies with the award of the arbitration or the recommendation of the Executive Council.' This is the centre of the whole scheme and the provision which stands out most clearly. The members also agree that they will carry out in good faith any award which may be rendered, and that if any member breaks or disregards its undertaking to the others, each member will join in a complete financial and commercial boycott against the offending party, each such loyal member mutually supporting every other in the measures taken to enforce that boycott and to minimize the loss and inconvenience to the loyal members of the league which it may involve. It will also contribute to the military and naval forces which each member of the league is to supply for the protection of their respective mutual obligations. The articles which contain the statement of these obligations, the kernel of the provisions for preventing war, by arbitration, by conciliation, and by action against a power attacking another, are the most prolix in their

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wording and are also the most difficult to abbreviate in a clear and precise form. They can be construed, but in order to set forth what seems to me to be the true construction I should have to go into much more detail than is suitable in a brief statement like the present, and I cannot but think that the drafting of these very important articles might be rendered both more concise and more explicit. Some explanations seem to have been already given at Washington, but the cable messages do not fully explain their purport.

It will be seen from this short and necessarily imperfect summary of the leading provisions of the Covenant that it includes the main points upon which advocates of a League of Nations have always dwelt as being essential. The Covenant constitutes organs; it describes the powers to be allotted to the organs; it recognizes the importance of limiting armaments; it provides for the cases of disputes between members of the league, and for the modes of enforcing decisions and giving effect to recommendations, and it goes so far as to empower the league to deal with the disputes arising between a member and a non-member and between two non-members, so as to prevent (if possible) any outbreak of war between any nations whatever. This is a very long step, longer than most of us thought the powers assembled at Paris could be induced to take. It is an effort to create a world-wide machinery capable of preserving peace; and if it does not provide a solution for every possible case — for it is not very plainly stated what is to happen if the recommendations of the Executive Council, made after inquiry into the dispute, are adopted not unanimously but only by a majority of the disinterested powers — still there is every reason to believe that the immense majority of cases in which wars would be likely to arise can be dealt with under the machinery here provided.

Some points deserve further criticism. One of them relates to armaments. The framers of the scheme have recognized how very great are the difficulties in the way of securing the reduction of naval and military forces and munitions so generally desired. They recognize that they have not found a complete solution. But they have gone almost if not quite as far as it seems possible to go at this moment in pointing out the aim which the council is to work for, and have indicated the lines which a completer solution might attempt to follow. The article (Article 10) which provides that the league shall 'respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all States members of the league' has been criticized as imposing on the members of the league a burden the extent of which is beyond calculation, and also as stereotyping forever the now existing territorial and political conditions. To expect that the settlement effected by the Conference at the end of this war can be a final settlement—*i.e.*, one which would preclude internal discontents, arising within the States whose boundaries are now to be fixed, from going so far as to break up those States, and so affect the present territorial arrangements, and should also prevent any State from ever hereafter stepping in to intervene for the settlement of troubles thus arising, even where there may be a strong case for intervention — to expect so much as this would be to indulge an optimism entirely unwarranted by a study of the changes which events inevitably brought about in the territorial settlements that were made, as in 1648, in 1815, and in 1878, after previous wars and congresses. One

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resented. Fourteen or fifteen tropical American States, plus seven or eight of the less responsible European and Asiatic States, might conceivably outvote the Great Powers and the trustworthy European States. We do not yet know how many new small States will emerge in Europe and Western Asia.

The opposing considerations I have here mentioned may be reconciled, but space fails me to indicate here the method in which this may be done.

The distinction between justiciable disputes — *i.e.*, those that can be settled by the application of legal and judicial methods — and other disputes not susceptible of such definitely legal treatment is recognized in the Covenant, as it has been in nearly all the plans that have proceeded from those who in England and America have heretofore written and spoken upon the subject. But it is not sufficiently emphasized; and we may doubt whether all justiciable disputes ought not as a matter of course to be referred to an Arbitral Court of International Justice — a court which the Covenant itself ought forthwith to establish, and which might be trusted to decide whether any given dispute was or was not 'justiciable.' As respects all non-justiciable disputes, it would be better to send them, not to the council, but to a non-judicial and rather small body, specially set apart for the purposes of inquiry and amicable adjustment, which might be called the Council of Conciliation. The members of such a council ought to be specially chosen for their capacity of dealing with questions which require a familiarity with history, diplomacy, and the internal conditions of the various countries concerned, a kind of knowledge which very few persons possess, and which can hardly be expected from all the members of the Executive Council.

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The task of inquiry and conciliation may be better separated from executive functions. In this respect the scheme of the American League to Enforce Peace seems preferable to that which the Conference suggests. The Executive Council has a wide range of functions of its own, very difficult functions, which can be best exercised by a body in closest touch with the governments of the chief countries of the league. A body intended to conciliate disputes requires a position of a somewhat different and more detached character, and many men who might be admirably qualified for the one set of functions might be less well suited for the other. On the other hand, the Body of Delegates, which will reach very large dimensions if some thirty States or more send three delegates each, will be far from suited to this particular kind of work, much of which may, in its earlier stages, be very delicate and need to be handled confidentially. The Body of Delegates might, of course, act by a committee, but it would seem better for the Covenant to provide at once for a special body charged with this special function.

No provision is made for the improvement and consolidation, in a systematic and intelligible shape, of the large body of customary rules and precedents (including the opinions of eminent jurists and many provisions of particular treaties that have been long in force) which, taken together, constitute what is (no doubt somewhat loosely) described as International Law. Many of these rules have been violated in the recent war. Many have long been felt to be imperfect and unsatisfactory. There is urgent need for an attempt to deal critically and constructively with the whole subject. It is now in an almost chaotic state. Something definite and positive needs to be educed from the materials aforesaid and to be authoritat
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ing claims, the more a sense of international right and of the supremacy of the common interest can be created, the more intrigues proceeding from any one power or group of powers can be checked by turning on them the light of publicity, so much the brighter will be the prospect for the usefulness of the league. We see even to-day how hard it is in some countries for governments to resist the extreme demands of powerful sections at home, and how often governments are tempted to win temporary support by making promises which they know to be imprudent and may well doubt their ability to fulfill. We have got to create not only the machinery of a league, but that moving and guiding power which dwells in the opinion of enlightened and liberty-loving men all the world over. It is this power that is needed to give the machinery the life and strength that will make it work.

A like remark applies also to another branch of the league's action, of which I have not yet spoken — namely, its superintendence of the functions to be exercised by any particular State to whom the league may give a mandate for the administration of a particular country or district. It is most important that, if the scheme is to be of any service in protecting weak nations or backward races, the league should feel that its overseeing care is a reality, and that the mandatory State must not be permitted to abuse its powers by permitting its subjects to exploit the regions in charge of which it has been placed. We know how real is the danger of such exploitation. No mandatory is likely ever to sink to the infamies perpetrated in the Congo State twenty years ago, nor to the cruelty which marked the administration of the German-African colonies. But short of such cases as those many evils are possible. The action of the league will need to be stimulated, as well as watched by an enlightened and humane public opinion. Similar considerations apply also to the two articles which deal with the conditions of labor, and with freedom of transit and with the equitable treatment of commerce — matters in which all members of the league ought to be interested, and in which the league ought to make itself the exponent of the highest type of sentiment to be found in every people. Nor ought I to pass over the useful provision which requires every treaty that may be hereafter entered into by any member of the league to be registered with the Secretariat of the League and by it duly published for the information of the world.

Whatever form this Covenant may come to bear, when it has been further considered and amended by the assembled powers which have now provisionally accepted it, it has at any rate the promise of marking an enormous advance upon anything hitherto done by the joint action of free peoples for the common benefit of the world. We can foresee many difficulties which will arise in its working, but the longer it lives the more may we trust that the nations will come to feel that it is a guaranty to them against the recurrence of such calamities as those which have afflicted the world during the last five years. Even if the breadth of some of its provisions may have to be reduced in order to allay the apprehensions felt in some quarters, still even a scheme less complete than this Covenant may be gladly accepted if it holds out a real prospect of reducing armaments and practically averting the risks of war. Some such reciprocal guaranty as this instrument contains, even if less than perfect as it may be in its details, will be a welcome relief from those suspicions, anxieties, and alarms which have hung like a dark

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cloud for so long over the peoples of Europe. To leave things now where they were before the outbreak of the war would be the most deplorable confession of human weakness, the most dismal surrender of human hopes, that has ever yet been seen. We must, therefore, earnestly desire that the American people, who have now begun to realize that they cannot stand aloof from the dangers and trials of the Old World, and who have in a nobly disinterested spirit given their invaluable help in saving that Old World from ruin, will support President Wilson by giving their adhesion (perhaps subject to certain amendments in details) to a scheme which has been framed in the interest of all mankind, and which can hardly succeed without the coöperation of their own great, free, and powerful republic.

The Manchester Guardian

A SOLDIER DELEGATE VISITS RUSSIA

I was sent from Kharkov to Moscow on January 4, 1919, in company with six comrades, and conducted by the Bolshevik commissioner, Alexander Spunde, to treat with the Russian soviet government for the transportation of the remainder of the 1st Army Corps through the Russian territories. We arrived in Moscow on January 9, and were quartered in the Kremlin. We were allotted to the mess of the government representatives, and in the forenoon were served tea and simple, rather unpalatable bread, without butter or jam. Our noon meal consisted of a thin soup in the thinnest sense of the word, with a little canned meat (about 100 grammes). During my entire stay of fourteen days in Moscow, we did not have potatoes a single time. Sardines were served nearly every day but they were hardly required as an appetizer. We frequently had no sugar for our tea and often lacked bread. The evening meal was very scanty, consisting of some unheated canned meat. I may remark as an interesting episode that, while visiting the opera, I chanced to become acquainted with a telephone girl employed in Lenine's own office, who had to leave the theatre after the first act, since she was too faint from hunger to wait until the conclusion of the play. When I commented upon the inadequate supply of food we received to representatives of the soviet government, they told me that there were large supplies at certain places which were entirely unfamiliar to me, but that difficulties of transportation made it impossible to distribute them. In spite of this assurance I never once saw, during my whole trip through the Russian territories, any evidence of these supplies. I never once saw a freight train that showed any indication of carrying provisions. The population gives evidence of ghastly starvation. The four-class system has been introduced in distributing rations. The first class embraces manual workers employed by the State; the second class, the government clerks; the third class, the radical bourgeois, which it is hoped to win over entirely by better treatment; and the fourth class, the former

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nobility and higher social classes, who receive nothing. The daily allowance of bread for the first class is 200 grammes, but they get this only when there is an adequate supply on hand. It happens not infrequently that even this ration cannot be furnished. There is no longer any trade in provisions.

Moscow itself gives the impression of an absolutely dead and ruined town. The damage caused by the fighting and disorders in the early days of the revolution has never been repaired. Buildings that were started in 1917 remain unfinished. On the streets you see nothing but pale, famished, panic-stricken faces. There is not a public place of business to be found. For instance, during my fourteen days in Moscow, I was not able to buy a little memorandum book, or to have some broken spectacles repaired or replaced.

Before my departure I asked for provisions for myself and my two companions. I had already sent two of my men ahead to Vilna and two others to Kovno. On account of the lack of provisions I was not able to get any and, consequently, was mighty glad to come upon a German transport train at Smolensk, which readily furnished us with a supply of food. Indeed we had enough to feed Commissioner Spunde, who had no provisions of his own, although he was abundantly provided with Communist propaganda literature.

The prices of food in Moscow ran as follows: A rotten apple, 18 rubles; a Russian pound, or 400 grammes, of butter, 120 rubles; a pound of pork, 70 to 80 rubles. We must remember that the Russian peasants prefer to feed their grain to their hogs to giving it to the Russian Government, which pays nothing for it. A pud or 16 kilogrammes of flour costs from 700 to 800 rubles. Bread of the unpalatable character already mentioned costs from 10 to 12 rubles a pound. Condiments, alcoholic drinks, and tobacco are not to be had. You pay a ruble for a little box of matches, if you have a card from the soviet entitling you to it. However, they are not to be got through legitimate channels and you pay three rubles for a box to a smuggler, and find the box only half full of the poorest quality matches.

Quite in contrast with this general shortage of provisions was my experience during an evening when I was entertained by the commander of the automobile division at the Kremlin, Comrade Konopka. I found on the table a plate with at least six pounds of the best caviar, a plate of good sausage, the best quality of white bread, fruit, brandy, white wine and champagne, Holland cigars, cigarettes, and coarse-cut and fine-cut German tobacco. The wife of the commander, by a Communist ceremony, earnestly urged us to eat well, and the commander confided to me that these rarities came from the capture of Riga, whence he had brought them, without the knowledge of the Russian Government, in an extra train. The gentleman made no attempt to conceal that this was the only way a man could live, so long as the Bolshevik government continued, for no one could tell what would follow. He stated that he had heard from the mouth of Lenine himself that the revolution in Russia had come twenty years too soon. While visiting this commander of the automobile division in the Kremlin, I overheard the following telephone communication to the commander of the Kremlin: 'The secretary of Lenine ordered an automobile for this afternoon for the purpose of visiting his brother, who was seriously ill. However, the real employment he made of the vehicle was to bring certain women of uncertain character to the Kremlin.

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Since the streets are no longer cleaned in Moscow the automobiles have to follow the street-car tracks. However, the snow was so deep that the auto was stopped, whereupon the secretary drew a revolver and pointed it at the head of the chauffeur, charging him with sabotage.'

The nationalization of all factories has stopped every form of production. You do not find a single thing being made. Seventy per cent of the former population of Moscow has left the city. The withdrawal of the working classes into the country and the general dissatisfaction with the rates of wages fixed by the soviets and the numerous mass meetings that debate these grievances give abundant evidence of the attitude of the working people toward the government. In Moscow there was one textile factory running. A Pole employed as a superintendent there told me that it was neither profitable nor capable of operation. This enterprise, socialized ostensibly for the welfare of the people, did the people themselves no good, as its small output was used entirely for the Red Army. Such establishments as have government contracts demand continual advances without carrying out their contracts. For instance, one establishment received 800,000 rubles in advances and when the government asked for some deliveries, two months later, it received the answer that nothing had been made as yet. There was another case where a socialized factory received 2,500,000 rubles in advances, with identically the same results. The inspectors of the government banks report that they find no entries in the books explaining very large payments. Defalcations, the enrichment of individual commissioners by unjustifiable means, arbitrary regulations, controversies between the different soviets, lack of any sentiment of responsibility, and a wild scramble of every man for himself make it impossible to reëstablish order or to accomplish anything in the way of fruitful economic reform.

The present method of election illustrates the manner in which the gentlemen at Moscow apply their widely-heralded respect for the wishes of the people. Every man participating in the government is supposed to be chosen by the free will of the people. The practice is just the reverse. There is not a single government chief who owes his position to the popular will. Every man has pushed himself up to influence by main force. All the people in charge are well aware that a fair vote would throw out the present government.

The sentiment of the people toward their rulers is indicated by what a working woman said to the Russian commissioner who accompanied me to Vilna just as we were entering the car reserved for us at Moscow: 'The gentlemen travel around the world finely with our money. We are not able to get a single place on a train for ourselves, while they always go about in a special car. I thought we were to be comrades and equals.' The same commissioner learned from another working woman how the Vilna people regarded the Bolsheviki. She thought that he was a German because he spoke German excellently and said to him: 'You better stay here. As long as the Germans were here we had at least bread and employment, and could buy what we needed. The Germans were kind to us. What do we get today? There is no more bread. (This was eight days after the Bolsheviki captured the city.) The stores are closed. No one knows where we are to get anything. The Red Guards are not human beings; they are wild animals.'

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When I addressed some of the peasants at Loddinosk as comrades, which is the usual term in Russia, they became furious at the insult, which was sufficient evidence that they had no sympathy with Bolshevism. The territories which the Bolsheviki are occupying will soon be in as bad condition as Russia itself and the same things will happen. The peasants will refuse to deliver their grain, first, because the Russian government pays nothing; second, because the Russian peasants are bitterly discontented with the present mismanagement and are no longer Communists. I visited some of the public institutions. One was a tuberculosis hospital. It was a small two-story building in the middle of the city. Seventeen tuberculosis patients were packed in a chamber having an air space of about 130 cubic metres. They produced a frightful impression on the visitors. The walls were covered with statistical tables, the contents of which were explained to me by the superintendent of the institute, who was himself in an advanced stage of consumption and tried to suppress his constant coughing by continually smoking cigarettes. One chart represented the method of treatment to be employed systematically. When I asked what the practical results were, I was informed that, unhappily, lack of resources had prevented their going beyond a theoretical project. The lack of trained nurses and the actual prevalence of famine make Moscow the victim of innumerable epidemics, such as spotted fever and typhus and infantile diseases, which have become a plague through lack of means to check them. The high mortality rate is suggested by the fact that coffins are so scarce they are merely rented for the funerals.

Soviet Russia is the victim of a relentless reign of terror. Any man who does not agree with the Bolsheviki is suppressed by main force. The Bolshevik doctrine is inculcated with machine guns and bayonets. Any free and frank expression of opinion is called counter-revolution and causes a man to be shot. The extent of the terror is indicated by the fact that in Vilna even a workingman does not dare to enter a café unless he possesses an identification card indicating that he is a member of the Communist party.

The Russian Government proclaimed, on the day that it became known that Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg had been killed, that none of the present members of the German Government must be allowed to live, since they had instigated the crime. Comrade Spunde told me that he was personally willing to assassinate the present government representatives in Germany. The next day a proclamation was posted on the walls of Moscow in which Lenine called for 100,000 officers and 3,000,000 soldiers to 'revenge the insult to the international.' When France permitted the Russians to send a sanitary commission of five members to inspect the Russian corps stationed in France, the soviet government employed the opportunity to send five of its ablest Communist agitators to France. These people did not belong to the sanitary corps. That is characteristic of the political honor of the Bolsheviki. They employ the international Red Cross to cover up a movement in their party interests.

During our negotiations in Moscow we were assured that the railway to Vilna *via* Kursk was in operation. The statement did not prove true. Fourteen days after signing the treaty I passed over the road and had to leave the train forty-five versts before reaching Vilna. It is a false assumption to fancy that the soviet government

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let us through for humane reasons. It did so for political expediency. They expected us to rebuild the bridges and to change the road from Vilna to Wirballen to Russian gauge. When we refused to do this, they attempted to procure from us a German train of fifty cars and a locomotive.

The Russian Government hoped that the German troops at Kovno would prevent our crossing the boundary. In this case they promised us a full equipment of arms and the assistance of the Red Army under a German commander, so that we could force our way back home. Their purpose was obvious. It would have helped the Russians get control of Eastern Prussia.

While the railway stations in Greater Russia used to have restaurants with great quantities of excellent food, and the stations in the part of the Ukraine not yet occupied by the Bolsheviki still are thus provided, everywhere in Russia proper these places are now deserted. The inhabitants and the station officials came to our train to beg for food. Russian war prisoners who had just come back from Germany begged us to take them home with us.

The Kölnische Volkszeitung

JAPAN AND CHINA: AN OFFICIAL VIEW

BY BARON MAKINO

We ask nothing for Japan but those things which appear to us just and equitable, and of the justice and equity of which we may be able to convince not only the representatives of the nations in the Peace Conference, but the people of the countries they represent. We have no demands to make; we merely advance certain matters for the same consideration by other nations as we have ourselves given to them in the light of our own position and the future of the Far East. It may be necessary to go back through the history of some years in order that we may arrive at what we regard as a fair and equitable conclusion.

After the events of 1905, the situation created was delicate, and, at times, difficult. The South Manchurian Railway runs through Chinese territory as far as Chang Chun, and is the only rail transportation outlet for the productions of the Chinese peasants, farmers, and manufacturers. The Chinese population of that part of the province through which the line runs numbers many millions. The present Japanese population there is very small — not one half of one per cent. Quite naturally this penetration by a Japanese railway of Chinese territory, or 'invasion,' as it was called, while within the rights granted to us under the terms of the Portsmouth Treaty, added fresh fuel among the Chinese to the fire of antagonism. As a result, the opposition already existing in China against Japan was considerably intensified. From time to time the resentment showed itself in quarrels between local Japanese and

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Chinese. An active propaganda on the part of those who sought to continue and increase the feeling in China *versus* Japan led the people of China generally to a conviction that Japan had territorial ambitions, and intended to seize other territories on the mainland, indeed to become the master or the suzerain of China.

Under such conditions the inevitable errors made by some of the people, who went from Japan to seek fortunes in China, or who were imbued with an erroneous idea of their own superiorities, brought about increased ill-feeling, and the irritation was intensified by the insidious whisperings of the enemy. It would be foolish to say that in the conduct of our political and commercial relations, extending over a period of twenty years, serious mistakes have not been made. On the other hand, I have no doubt that the wise people of China themselves will understand that mistakes have also occurred on their side, and that incidents arising from time to time might have been handled with greater delicacy and care. Throughout this considerable period China has become a field for exploitation for those from other lands who sought to promote or develop the vast resources which have lain untouched in all the provinces, and which by enterprise and the use of the cheaper Chinese labor could be turned into profit. Iron, gold, copper, oil, and, indeed, the almost unlimited resources of China attracted those who could command capital, or those who hoped to secure valuable concessions, which they could offer in the markets to combinations of capital for the purposes of exploitation.

Among those who came from the outside world to China for the purposes of exploitation, the Germans in recent years had been by far the most active, not only in trade, in securing concessions or in placing loans, but particularly in political intrigue. Having established themselves, with a naval base in the Far East at Tsingtao, they proceeded to build there a magnificent harbor and a city, German in all its aspects and German in all its methods and undertakings. They built the railway from the town of Tsingtao to the great city of Tsinan, the capital of the province of Shantung. They developed also the railway through the province of Shantung north to south, connecting Tsingtao with this Tsinan line, which had its northern terminus in the city of Tien-Tsin (where they made a junction again with the railway from Peking) down to Pukow, on the Yangtse River, near Nankin.

By degrees the Germans became more and more the masters of the province of Shantung, with its 30,000-000 inhabitants and its vast treasures and possibilities. Concession after concession passed into German hands. The port of Tsingtao became more and more important, and it would not be an exaggeration to say that Germany acted as master in that province, spending money freely, and practically blocking the efforts of all others to secure a share in the yield she expected to produce as her development proceeded, aiming always at weakening the influence of other nations in the Far East.

When war was declared by France, England, and Russia against Germany in August, 1914, all peaceful commerce on the Pacific and the Indian oceans was menaced by the German fleet, housed and harbored in the new naval base at Tsingtao. Germany was confident Japan would not declare war. But, as the ally of Great Britain, Japan, within a few weeks after the outbreak of war, also declared war upon Germany, and her next step was

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to tell Germany that she must evacuate Tsingtao, with naval or military equipment which might be there. In the ultimatum Japan demanded that Germany return Kiaochow to China. There was no suggestion that Japan had any desire to secure that territory as her own, or even to take the place of Germany as lessee. Germany refused, and the Japanese fleet, with British ships, a few days later lay outside the roadstead of Tsingtao. Within the time taken for transport, a sufficient army was landed and besieged and attacked the town. It was not a very difficult task to take it. The Japanese bombarded and sunk in the dock a fine modern Austrian cruiser, but, unfortunately, the main ships of the German fleet had escaped before the exit was blocked. Tsingtao fell, and was occupied by the Japanese and British forces. The operation cost Japan many millions in money and some 2,000 of the lives of her soldiers and her sons.

Throughout the years of German occupation of Tsingtao, the harbor grew from an inconsequential refuge for junks in stormy weather to a great naval base. In the building of the harbor Germany made a capital investment, and this great asset Japan is willing to return to China in accordance with an agreement between the two governments which affords Japan reasonable opportunity to share, in fair coöperation with China and other nations in the privileges which China had previously granted to Germany. Under this agreement China comes into possession of a fine harbor, built at vast cost, and the whole territory of Kiaochow eighty years sooner than would otherwise have been possible.

The Chinese territory of Shantung, the railway line to the city of Tsinan had been, up to the time they fell into Japan's hands, controlled by the Germans, while German officials were active throughout the province, and much more active than those of any other nation. In fact, immediately Japan declared war on Germany, this line, as well as the line from Tientsin to Tsinan, was used by Germany to transport troops through China to Tsingtao. During the Tsingtao campaign, Germany used the Tsingtao-Tsinan line entirely for military purposes. But immediately Japan took possession the old antagonisms came more markedly into evidence, fanned by the Germans in China, who were enraged at their loss. The old jealousies were revived because of Japan's occupation of another port within the territory of China. As in the case of the South Manchurian Railway, there were unfortunate disturbances and many complaints, just and unjust.

In 1915 Japan, in a desire to bring about a *rapprochement* with China and to settle outstanding differences, because of conflicts which had occurred at various points, made certain demands upon China, and included among these demands certain expressions as to what she would desire further in case China were willing to grant concessions. I make reference to this because we desire to clear the table of matters which confuse the public mind to some extent. In the matter of these demands and the adjunct or rider thereto considerable misunderstandings have, I think, occurred, and much blame has been laid at the door of Japan. I am not prepared here and now to discuss the rights and wrongs of that situation, which is past and done with. But out of the negotiations came a treaty or agreement entered into between China and Japan under which Japan agreed to restore Kiaochow to China. This convention is an open document, and has been published in full. Attached

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to that agreement are no secret or concealed clauses whatsoever. These engagements were entered into by China, and, subsequently, in 1918 an arrangement was entered into regarding international settlements in Tsingtao and some other concessions by China, giving Japan opportunity for coöperation with China in the development of Shantung in consideration for the return of Tsingtao and Kiaochow.

The details of this agreement have not been published owing to an understanding between the two countries, and because the agreement is preliminary to business matters which are as yet in an incomplete stage, a reason which, of course, will be understood by business people as well as by governments. This agreement was made in good faith by China. We have not hitherto been led to suppose that this agreement of 1918 was more than a just, proper, and mutually helpful settlement of outstanding questions, enabling us mutually to approach the Peace Conference in better understanding. In 1917, two years after the taking of Tsingtao, China declared war on Germany. But in 1915 Japan had pledged her willingness to return Kiaochow to China. Japan has repeatedly announced that she has no territorial ambitions in China, but desires to live in amity with her neighbor.

In desiring to secure from China a right to concessions in the province of Shantung, Japan does not seek more than a fair division in coöperation with China. Surely it is not taking advantage of China to ask that we be permitted with her, on the same basis as other nations, to have equal opportunity for development purposes. China has the raw material; we have need for raw material, and we have the capital to invest with China in its development for its use by ourselves as well as by China. I somewhat labor this point because we are accused of aims in an exactly opposite direction to those of fair coöperation and partnership, as well as being accused of the folly of making deliberate and obvious effort to take advantage of our neighbor. We realize the great change that has taken place and must take place among nations in their dealings one with the other.

We feel that after the expenditure and the loss of 2,000 precious lives, small as it may be in the great toll that has been reaped in this fearful struggle, we are entitled to receive from Germany delivery of that which she refused to deliver in order that it may be returned to its rightful owner. Let me emphasize that neither in Shantung nor in Manchuria does Japan seek to take improper advantage of China. She seeks equal opportunity, an open door, and the right of peaceful coöperation between the two nations of the Far East.

Some reference may be made to Siberia. In the year 1918 Japan, at the request of her allies, sent her troops into Siberia for the purpose of assisting the westward moving Czecho-Slovaks, whose existence was menaced by the Bolsheviki and by the thousands of ex-German prisoners who, well armed, were coöperating with the Bolsheviki, as well as to protect the vast international stores in Vladivostok and elsewhere along the Siberian Railway or the Amur River as far as Irkutsk. In the operations consequent upon this expedition, Japan, in coöperation with her allies, cleared the country of the immediate menace of the armed forces massed above Vladivostok, at Nicholaivsk, and Blagovoshensk, dispersed the bands, and seized considerable supplies of arms, as well as a number of small river vessels, which had been armed by the

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Germans. I make no special point of this expedition, nor do I boast of any achievement. It is sufficient to say that in agreement with our allies, we had said that we would, with them, evacuate Siberia when order was restored and a stable government effected.

The groups of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, lying north of the equator and adjacent to Japan, were under German domination. They were taken and occupied by Japan. We have entered a claim for the right to occupy those islands for the purpose of peaceful development and profit. This claim is supported by a sense of right and justice. We believe that they can be developed in the matter of their resources to our advantage and controlled to the greater advantage of their native population than by any other nation.

The question has been asked, 'What has Japan done in this war?' I answer only by saying that Japan has done her best. It is perhaps not unseemly to state that her fleets in the Pacific and Indian oceans and in the Mediterranean traversed over 1,200,000 miles in the work of protecting transports and merchant vessels from the submarines, and we escorted three quarters of a million men rushing to the aid of France and Britain. Japan's geographical position, her resources, and the fact that the Pacific Ocean was freed of the menace which has threatened the freedom of other seas, enabled us to provide considerable quantities of war supplies and materials to Russia, to England, and to France, and, including loans to Russia, the money expenditure has been a very considerable item in the budget of Japan. But these are small matters in comparison with the magnificent sacrifices of our western allies. The government and the people of Japan have been the loyal allies of Great Britain and France and the friends of Russia and of the United States. It is not for me here to enter into a relation of what we have done in detail. It is sufficient to say that what has been given or spent and what has been lost in the cause for which the allies have fought and won have been contributed in a spirit of loyalty and sympathy, and that we are here now to assist in the work of building barricades against war and in forging links of friendship and understanding between the nations of the East and of the West.

The Telegraph

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WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN GERMANY

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP FRODSHAM

It would be impossible to find an invading army who bear themselves more modestly than do the British in their area of occupation in Germany. It would be difficult to imagine an invaded people who appear more satisfied to lie quietly under the conqueror's heel. A Prussian officer, living in the neighborhood of Bonn, said with some scorn that he was convinced by recent events that the Rhinelanders understood the English far better than they could ever understand the Prussians. They certainly understand the superficial placability of the English soldier. When our advance guards marched across the Belgian frontier they shouted fiercely to every German who appeared in his doorway to go in, and he obeyed. If they had been met even by sulky opposition the British invaders might have borne themselves as truculently in the streets as they did in the trenches. The German, however, bowed his head as a bulrush, and lo! the dreaded army of occupation became like an organized crowd of tourists. Guards and Highlanders, Canadians and New Zealanders, officers and men from almost every regiment in the British Isles, jostled one another in the streets of Cologne 'for to admire an' for to see.' The shopkeepers rose to the situation, and in consequence they are reaping a rich harvest. Consequential civil servants in German uniforms, policemen and such like, salute the passing British officers with due form and solemnity, while the burghers and their wives go about their lawful occasions until nine at night, when they are forced to retire to their homes, as though there were no British army in their midst. This, on the surface, is Germany under the conqueror's heel. Is it the real Germany?

The first impression received in the area of occupation is that the Germans, on the whole, are glad to be protected by the British from the foes of their own household. The German soldiers, in their hurried retreat, did not give much ground for pride in their discipline, or for confidence in their intentions. They stole everything they could lay their hands on and sold it for anything they could get. The thrifty farmers about Aachen and Düren bought government motor wagons for 80 marks, and government horses for 50 marks. For a time they were satisfied with their bargains, but slow-footed Nemesis is overtaking them. They are now being made to hand over to the military authorities as British property their camouflaged wagons and steeds. The German army scared the well-to-do. One evening in February I heard a stout citizen in the streets of Düren tirading against some 'pig-dogs,' whom, on inquiry, I found to be certain soldiers belonging to the place. They had threatened to return to that city of millionaires as industrial reformers and had said they would commence with the works of the angry speaker. Knowledge of German methods does not conduce to a blind belief in the bogey of Bolshevism. Bolshevism may be the enemy or the weapon of the enemy. *Quien sabe?* But in

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either case Düsseldorf is a centre, or a base, for revolutionary propaganda. On the day I left an emissary from there was caught working among British troops in the streets of Cologne. This also has a modifying effect upon the chauvinistic leanings of the burghers of the fair city of the Rhineland.

It is ridiculous to talk of the Rhinelanders as displaying 'indescribable dejection,' or of their being 'utterly broken by defeat.' They are nothing of the sort. They are not repentant for the past, although they regret the failure. They are not dissatisfied with the present, except as a temporary annoyance. And they are not pessimistic about the future. Let any man who imagines otherwise converse freely with Germans, and he will soon be converted. Not much can be gathered from chance conversation in public places. The Germans are learning that it is unsafe to rely upon the lingual ignorance, even, of the British soldier. One truculent young German, who was annoyed by the presence of some soldiers (who travel free on the Cologne trams) commented to a friend disparagingly upon their personal appearance. A New Zealander who was standing by him on the tram platform understood him, and showed his resentment by ejecting from the car the critic, who fell upon his head and was taken to the hospital to ruminate upon his indiscretion. The judgment of the A.P.M. who told me of the occurrence was similar to the celebrated verdict recorded by a Welsh jury on the death of Mrs. Winifred Price: 'We find, *sarve her right!*' None the less the gloomy eyes of the people in the trams, eyes which are steady enough in their way, display neither consciousness of defeat nor true friendliness. Moreover, on the other hand, the crowds at the opera every night, and in the cafés by day, show no widespread deep dejection at their country's downfall. The Germans are biding their time.

Cologne, and its satellitic towns, are traditionally hostile to the British. They were so before the rest of Germany dreamed of either jealousy or hatred. Their hostility dates back to 1806, when the light of the Holy Roman Empire, which once threw its splendor over mediæval Europe, flickered out in the Rhineland. Napoleon, with audacious mendacity, blamed England for all the evils that had fallen upon the see city of the Archbishop Elector, while at the same time he arrogated to himself the position of Protector of a new Rhenish Confederation. Napoleon took from South Germany 147,000 men to fight against the Allies, and he tried to strangle British trade with Europe by stopping for it the passage of the Rhine. He blew aside the magnificent nothingness of imperial court life, and he laid the foundations of competitive trade. These things bulk big with an impressionable and sentimental people. They also explain why Cologne was inimical to us long before Heinrich von Treitschke started his false crusade of force and hate, a crusade inspired, curiously enough, according to his own showing, by a mystical devotion to the Rhine. An English newspaper correspondent, unfortunate enough to be imprisoned at Ruhleben, recalled in the *Morning Post* of March 3 the scene in the square opposite Cologne Cathedral on the day that the newsboys rushed out with special editions announcing that England had declared war. The square, he said, was packed with a wild, seething multitude, intoxicated with the madness of the moment, and with hopes of universal plunder. To-day, in the same square, the newswomen cry out 'Eenglish papeers,' and the people are quiet as lambs.

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Cologne, however, is not all the Rhineland, and it is hard to believe that the country folk are quite false in their offers of friendship and help. It would be difficult to persuade the British soldiers that such is the case. There are some grim-faced men, who have been in the war from the beginning, who despise the Bosch for his 'tameness,' and who frankly regret that they cannot do unto him in Germany what he did to others in France and Belgium — saving such things as the English never do. The majority in the army of occupation, however, have no deep-rooted animosity against the Germans. The soldier quickly forgets, or he has no desire to remember. An ever-increasing number of men never saw the German atrocities upon the civilian population in Belgium, nor the wanton destruction of French hearths and homes. They are certain to predominate in the new army of occupation. And such being so, the whole situation will be modified still further. Even now, the prevailing attitude of the soldiers, particularly in the country districts, reacts upon the people, and confirms them in their friendliness. Regulations against fraternizing with the enemy are strict. It must be assumed that they are obeyed, at least in the streets and public places. But regulations or no regulations, it is difficult for an English officer to be brusque or rude, for instance, to the people upon whom he is billeted, who go out of their way to forestall his wishes and do him service. With the men, the difficulty is still more accentuated. For one thing, the officers have sitting-rooms to which they can retire, while the men have none. On cold nights they are invited into the kitchens, the only places where there are fires, and the people share with them any simple luxuries they may have. In one large village near Bonn the people provided a Christmas tree apiece for the soldiers there, and decorated the branches with bright paper flowers and tiny gifts. After his fashion the British soldier is a tender-hearted, homely person. He likes children, and he shows his gratitude for any kindness by little acts of practical service — by shoveling away the snow from the pavement, by cutting wood and drawing water, and even by washing the floor or by drying up crockery. The same characteristics which endeared him to the French cottagers are now reconciling the German peasants and artisans to the army of occupation. Germans as a whole are a docile people. The same characteristics which once made them pliable in the hands of their own government now tell in favor of the British.

As every soldier knows, women are the perplexing quantities in warfare. Roughly speaking, they may be divided into two classes — the hopelessly irreconcilable, and the still more hopelessly fraternizing. If the army of occupation had been Amazons, the whole situation might be changed. Last November a little fierce Frenchwoman at Le Cateau, with clenched fists and flashing eyes, besought a very self-conscious and unhappy group of Australian officers, including myself, to do in detail to the German women all that the Germans had done in France. She was not satisfied with her audience. In the end it was difficult to know whether she was more enraged with the German *cochons* or with the British *imbéciles*. Similarly, there are some German women who would cheerfully barbecue the British. They once proved the quality of their hate by their treatment of the British prisoners, who were dragged for their amusement from the cattle trucks which did for ambulance wagons upon

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the broad, white railway platform at Cologne. But since such luxuries have been denied them in days so much out of joint as these, the irreconcilable women of Germany relieve their feelings by acting as rudely as they dare to the soldiers billeted upon them. Curiously enough, although the soldier may swear with fervor and endeavor with more or less success to circumvent their curmudgeonly schemes, they bear no resentment against the women. On the contrary, they feel a certain respect, based upon the firm belief that English and Scottish women, if the circumstances were reversed, would be still more irreconcilable. 'My old woman would have given them bloody Germans socks if they'd coomed into her back kitchen,' remarked one of the K.O.Y.L.I. to a younger comrade, who was seeking sympathy for his ejection from that citadel of women's rights. So far as the authorities are concerned, they are not disturbed with the irreconcilables. It is the friendly woman who gives them trouble, and particularly those of a notorious class, who are a curse to friend and foe. There is grave reason for fearing that this class are being used deliberately by the Germans, as Bolshevik agitators may be used, for damaging the efficiency of the British Army.

The great majority of the girls of Germany do not appeal to British ideals of beauty, but wise men and women do not omit to allow for the influence of propinquity, for love laughs alike at locksmiths and army regulations. A puzzling case has presented itself in a well-known division with a high fighting record. A certain commander who makes a point of reading the German newspapers saw to his horror a notice to the effect that Fräulein E. Schmidt was betrothed to Private John Brown of his own regiment. The horrified officer at once carpeted Private John Brown, a cautious Scot, who replied that he was 'no' fixed in his mind that he was going to be married on the lassie.' He acknowledged, however, that he had given her a ring, and that he was considering whether he would change his billet to her parents' house! The editor of the paper was next haled before the military authority. He stated that the girl's mother had sent him the advertisement, and that he did not know such things were forbidden. Frau Schmidt was then summoned. She averred that it was not proper for a young girl to walk out with a young man until the neighbors had been thus informed of her swain's honest intentions, and she had acted according to custom. The army regulations only provide for the love affairs of ladies who cannot be called proper, and the commanding officer, being a just man, felt that he could not class Fräulein Schmidt as one of these without further evidence, so he called for the Burgomaster. There the matter stood when I left Germany, but Private John Brown was tucked away safely in prison. This seclusion was necessary for his own protection from certain 'toughs' of his regiment, who persisted in regarding their private honor as having been attainted by the paragraph in the newspaper. The Gordian knot will probably be severed by the sword of demobilization, but the situation raised is likely to be repeated when peace has been declared, and when regulations against fraternization have been thereby relaxed.

Although British rule is light and just, the Germans are made to feel that it is there. Throughout the occupied area there are many regulations with regard to their conduct. These affect mainly the granting of permits to travel from one district to

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another, the supply of billets and of methods of transport, the provision of furniture and equipment, and many similar matters. Under British administration a great deal of responsibility is laid upon the Burgomaster. This is a relief to the military authorities, but it also gives stability to German government. When the Burgomaster's authority breaks down, or where there have been breaches of the regulations, the cases are tried by a military court and fines of varying amounts are inflicted. There are, however, a good many cases of food smuggling and of thefts, the perpetrators of which cannot be discovered. The Germans steal freely from friend and foe, but on the whole they appear to prefer stealing from their friends. For reasons of safety there is little pilfering in the men's billets, and conversely there is practically no looting. In exceptional cases where there had been robbery under arms, the punishments inflicted upon the British by the military courts have been very heavy. One amusing case of theft in which the punishment fitted the crime came under my notice. A sapper complained to his C.O. that a parcel he had received that morning from home had been opened, and some cakes and a bottle of sugar-coated cascara pills had been removed. The owner of the billet, a stout baker, was promptly interrogated officially. He denied with tears all knowledge of the theft. His wife, also with tears, affirmed her innocence. The five children howled out their ignorance of all matters connected with the parcel. Then it was remembered that a neighbor's son had been in the house and a tow-headed small boy was produced. Did he know anything about the matter? Yes, the boy acknowledged the cakes big and little by him eaten had been. Did he know anything about the medicine? No, he had seen no medicine, but a bottle of confectioneries undoubtedly he had seen and also eaten. Had he eaten all? Yes, he had all consumed — and he was not feeling well!

It is not easy to assess accurately the food difficulties in the Rhineland. In Cologne there is plenty in the shops, but marked at a price which must be prohibitive to the poorer classes. The British are forbidden to buy food which may be used by the Germans, but it was stated that a good lunch consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, bread, and beer could be obtained in Cologne restaurants for four marks. This in comparison with the prices charged in Paris and Brussels is cheap beyond words, but the quantities supplied are likely to be much smaller in Germany. Some articles of food undoubtedly are very difficult to obtain. For instance, I saw a ration of margarine intended to serve for two days a family of three. It might have been consumed at a single meal by a British workingman — if he had condescended to eat margarine. The shortage of milk also is great, and the lack of it has affected the health of the children, although the British have never attempted to regulate the supply as the Belgians have done outside Düsseldorf. There infants under one year can receive daily half a litre (seven-eighths of a pint). Where there are cases of critical illness milk is supplied to adults upon the orders of a medical man, but the quantity allowed for this purpose is deducted from the infants' supply! The doctors in the Düsseldorf district assert that infant mortality in consequence of this milk order is very large. There does not appear, however, to be an abnormal infant mortality in the Rhine towns under British administration. Small children abound, and although some of them are pale and anæmic, so far as I

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could observe they were neither lacking in health nor spirits. When there was snow on the ground they bombarded passing motor cars without respect either of brigadiers or bishops. One bishop at least can testify to the accuracy and strength of their fire.

The distribution of food in Germany has been notoriously unequal. The rich could always procure more than their share, either in the shops or by illicit visits into the country. The same conditions prevail to-day. Gemünd, for instance, is a notable potato-growing district, and every day early this year the train from Cologne in the morning brought a procession of visitors, with empty baskets, who at night returned with full baskets. One night in February the return train was searched just before it left Gemünd station, and the Burgomaster confiscated some hundred-weights of potatoes! Far more difficult to catch are the professional food smugglers, who through their knowledge of the locality are able to avoid the military patrols in the darkness, and so to drive a lucrative trade. In brief, the food shortage in the occupied area is probably no greater to-day than it was in England a year ago, but the method of distribution is much less efficient. This will account for cases of emaciation which undoubtedly can be seen here and there. If the British supplement the food supply they should also control the distribution. Otherwise the rich and unscrupulous will continue to get more than their share, and the poor and weak less than they need.

It is confidently believed that there is scattered all over the Rhineland an army of waiters with their bags packed ready to return to England when peace is declared! These must remember the days when they stood by the fleshpots of Piccadilly and did eat bread to the full. On one occasion a Burgomaster allotted me a billet with the wife and daughter of a German who traded in London, but who is now in an internment camp. The two women had been deported to Germany against their own desire. 'Will you never let us return to London?' pleaded the woman, as though her fate rested in my hands. 'We were so happy in London. We are not at home here.' 'They say I speak German with an English accent,' added the daughter, with mingled pride and resentment. If I found it distasteful to damp the hopes of these German women who regarded London as home, I had no such repugnance in doing the same to the director of a big commercial concern, who informed me that eighty per cent of his pre-war trade was with the British Empire. 'We did not know that we would be at war with England,' he remarked apologetically. To which I replied somewhat brutally, 'You mean you did not know that England would defend France and that Germany would be beaten.' The fact remains, however, that a large number of Germans are reckoning confidently on the reopening of pre-war connections with England, and this mistake has a political value.

It is impossible at the moment of writing to foretell what will come out of the political melting-pot in Paris. One day last February, I had the opportunity of discussing, with a captain of German industry, the probability of reconstructing another Rhenish Confederation. For various reasons, among which trade and security of government bulked largely, this Rhenish manufacturer favored the formation of what he called 'a buffer State between Prussia and France.' He pointed out that, *mutatis mutandis*, the position to-day reproduced the conditions which prevailed at the Congress of Vienna. Now, Prussia

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must be written for France, and the League of Nations for the Holy Alliance. The true policy to-day, he opined, was not simply to reverse engines for protection against Prussian aggression, and to give to France the Rhineland which for a similar reason was in 1815 added to Prussia. Wisdom, he thought, lay in creating a Rhenish Republic to be protected, 'under a mandate from the League of Nations, by England!'

The industries of the Rhineland interested me deeply, partly because of their bearing upon England, and partly because I had seen how the French factories had been ruthlessly ruined on their behalf. I tried at Düren to find some French machinery which I had heard had been installed in a big paper mill there. I was not successful in my search, but I came away convinced that everything that could be done to get to work quickly, in competing for world markets, was being done. There was, of course, a shortage of raw products, but all was ready for a push, and four fifths of the hands were working full time already, doing something. At Leverkusen are the huge aniline dye and photographic material works which, during the war, were transformed into manufactories for poison gas and high explosives. The hands employed at Leverkusen before the war numbered 12,000. During the war these were increased to 14,000. Now there are 8,000 working on an average five hours a day each. Leverkusen is marking time. At Siegburg some palatial munition works are occupied by British troops; but in other large works in the town, explosives for commercial purposes are being made, and German shells, purchased from the British military authorities, are being melted down, it is said, for the manufacture of agricultural instruments. At Siegburg I noticed a phenomenal number of discharged soldiers. They trooped from their work in what appeared to be their thousands, and they gloomed at me as I stood watching them. There and elsewhere, I noticed that the women war workers had given place to the returning soldiers. There were said to be in Cologne demobilized soldiers who refused to work, but the only strike I heard of while I was in the Rhineland was in the Rolled Iron Works at Volberg. The strike only lasted four hours. The impression left was that both masters and men were prepared to work, with all their might, so soon as the blockade was removed. If this be so, the industrial competition of Germany will be a serious thing, not only for poor France but also for this country. It may be more dangerous than the big guns of Essen — unless we also are prepared to work.

The state of Germany to-day may well puzzle the wisest in our midst. From what I have seen, I do not believe that the people are repentant for the wrongs they have done to France and Belgium. Neither do they show much consciousness of defeat. They believe exactly the contrary; and, what is more, they have sound reasons for such belief. So far as England is concerned, if we fail in the competitive race the failure is upon our own head; but for France it is otherwise. With factories emptied of machinery, or razed to the ground; with coal pits so mauled that they cannot be worked for five years; with ruined towns and villages; with agricultural land pitted by shell holes, and sodden with decaying human corpses; with a people quivering under the cruelest injuries ever done by one nation to another — what chance have the French of competing with Germany, even for their own trade? Belgium and France are still prostrate on the ground, although the heel of a

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brutal and remorseless invader has been removed. In some strange fashion it is like awaking from a bad dream, to go into Germany from the war zone. To retrace one's steps and to pass, within a few miles, from the white, well-ordered towns of Aachen and Herlusthal to the squalid actualities of Pepinster — to proceed, in a crescendo of desolation, to Liège, to Huy, to Namur, to Mons, to Arras, and to those never-to-be-forgotten plains of France, is horrible. The transition fills one afresh with fiery indignation. Is it right, is it just, that Germany should not now be made to feel the true horrors of war — war as waged by Germans? Compared with the injuries they have done to others, the Germans are suffering nothing, and because they are suffering nothing they are neither sorry for the past nor desirous to amend in the future. It may be impossible in practice to alter this state of affairs, but it will be unutterably base and unjust if Germany is allowed to profit by the injuries it has wantonly and deliberately done to the French industries by getting away with the goods.

The Cornhill Magazine

NIGHT ON THE CONVOY

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Out in the blustering darkness, on the deck
A gleam of stars looks down. Long blurs of black,
The lean Destroyers, level with our track,
Plunging and stealing, watch the perilous way
Through backward-racing seas and caverns of chill spray.

One sentry by the davits in the gloom
Stands mute; the boat heaves onward through the night.
Shrouded is every chink of cabined light;
And sluiced by floundering waves that hiss and boom
And crash like guns, the troopship shudders — doom!

Now something at my feet stirs with a sigh;
And, slowly growing used to groping dark,
I know that the hurricane deck, down all its length,
Is heaped and spread with lads in sprawling strength —
Blanketed soldiers sleeping. In the stark
Danger of life at war, they lie so still,
All prostrate and defenseless, head by head —
And I remember Arras, and that hill
Where dumb with pain I stumbled among the dead.

. . . . . .

We are going home. The troopship in a thrill
Of fiery-chambered anguish throbs and rolls.
We are going home — victims — three thousand souls.

The Reveille

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OBSTRUCTION'S GENTLE ART

BY DOUGLAS WALSHE

POST-MORTEMS are always an unsatisfactory business and of little assistance to the corpse; so, although it may be true that, if the Salonica Expedition had landed only one month earlier, Serbia might have been saved, it is no use considering that question now. Nor is it proposed to discuss the necessity or otherwise of this unpopular side-show, or even so much as to refer to the Berlin-Baghdad railway. The expedition having been decided upon, it is intended simply to narrate the manner of its beginnings. As Greece is now a trusted ally and Constantin is no longer on the throne, it seems a pity that a franker and fuller version of a story unique in military history and so rich in entertainment should not be given to the world.

I

Britain in war is notoriously a bad starter. Hypnotized by a phrase, she has come to pride herself upon her ability to muddle through. To make a mess, and then after much labor and sacrifice to clear it up, is supposed to be some peculiar British virtue denied to the rest of the world.

At 11 A.M. on September 30, 1915, five lost sheep in khaki and two naval officers stood on the quay at Salonica, and wondered what the deuce was going to happen next. H.M.S. Scourge had just dumped them there to start the Salonica campaign.

They had no proper instructions as to their appointments. Their general orders were to prepare for the eventual arrival of five divisions of British troops, part to be withdrawn from the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force and the remainder sent direct from home. More definite orders, they had been informed, would be awaiting them with the British Consul. And that was all they knew about it.

Nobody in authority took any notice of them. The heavens did not fall, the trams continued to run along the front, the quaintly-colored *caiques* from the Islands went on unloading at the quay, and Greek and German officers unconcernedly finished their drinks at Floca's little tables. The sun shone on the big white buildings and the blue sea. Hard though it may be to realize it now that it has been dirtied by overmuch traffic and devastated by fire, the front, with the tall white minarets in the background, was then an admirable setting for a gay and fascinating scene. Color and movement were everywhere. Dapper Greek officers in brand-new uniforms; women in many-hued native garments or last year's Parisian fashions just a little soiled; bearded Jews, any one of whom might have sat as a model for the conventional Shylock; 'Macedonskis' in dirty-white smocks, baggy breeches, and scarlet sashes, stolidly leading ox-carts and donkeys, oddly reminiscent of cheap illustrated editions of the Bible — none of these bestowed more than a passing glance at that little group of strangers, or dreamed what an influx of men and gold they heralded.

Brigadier-General Hamilton, Lieutenant-Colonel Striedinger, A.D.S.T.,

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Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm, D.S.O., G.S.O.; Major Sowerby, Egyptian Railways, and Major Salmon, Interpreter, represented the army, with Captain Mitchell, R.N., and Lieutenant Packenham, R.N.R., for the navy.

In two ramshackle gharries the Mission proceeded to the Consulate, leaving their batmen and their baggage on the quay.

The Consul was on leave; the Vice-Consul had only heard of their coming an hour before, and had no orders for them.

There they were, stranded — in uniform — in a neutral country under strong German influence — liable to be interned — out of touch with their own government — and with a tremendous amount of work to do and no right to do it. The humblest Greek sous-lieutenant with pro-German leanings could have bagged the lot and created a nice political pother that might probably have turned out a blessing in disguise. It was thus, as the Parliamentarians would put it, that Britain unsheathed the sword, and it was fortunate that these five forerunners were able to appreciate something of the humors of their irritating situation. As usual, their country had done the wrong thing with the right men.

They knew their job. A gigantic labor lay before them. Casually, between a sleep and a sleep, they had dropped in for the astoundingly complicated business of mothering a modern army. They were there to organize camps and Base Headquarters; to report on and arrange railway and dock facilities; to contract for supplies of all descriptions and provide transport; and to be in a position to receive British troops, handle them, house them, and feed them — at probably ten minutes' notice or none at all.

Undaunted, though unaccredited, they got quietly to work without a moment's delay, their first act being to bluff the Greek sentry in a hopelessly illegal manner and examine the facilities of the port. They then turned their attention to the railways — and promptly found themselves arrested by a Greek policeman for trespassing. It looked as if the fat were already in the fire, but fortune favored them. They were taken before a railway official who luckily happened to be a Belgian, and consequently a strong ally. He released them.

The rest of an eventful day was spent in making discoveries, one of the earliest being how very wide in matters commercial a Macedonian can open his mouth when he has the chance — a discovery we all had many opportunities later of confirming.

Three other discoveries during the day are eloquent of what the resources of Salonica amounted to at this period. There were no telephones; there were only four motor cars in the place; and no maps could be purchased in any of the shops. This last was a very serious matter. It is easier to make bricks without straw than to start a war without maps — and, of course, they had no maps of their own! Their very British intention had been to obtain some from the Greek General Staff; but the lack of credentials made it out of the question to attempt to get into touch with them. However, this was a Mission not easily discouraged or defeated. A map was obtained — one precious, ancient map. Doubtless our American allies will be interested to hear that the spade work of the Salonica campaign was started by the aid of a map borrowed from the local depot of the Standard Oil Company.

Time was the essence of their contract. There was a great deal of work to be done and not a minute to lose,

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because nobody knew how soon the troops might begin to arrive. As a matter of fact, time was even more precious than they suspected in their ignorance of the military and political situation. Troops were being hastily gathered together and were to come flooding upon them earlier than they dreamed.

Besides being sent to a neutral country in uniform and without maps or credentials, these officers were also sent without money. Though war is easily the most expensive business in the world, none of them had a farthing of public money to begin it with. As a measure of precaution, with no idea of possible requirements and naturally expecting that a proper paymaster would be duly appointed, a letter was sent by the Scourge, which returned that night, asking for £50, and also for six motor cars. Fortunately, the paymaster — Medforce — was a man of discernment and initiative. He promptly wired back £10,000. Not many men can have had the experience of asking for £50 and getting £10,000. One can picture the recipient at first astonished and amused — and then annoyed. For obviously the meaning was that to his other multifarious duties was now to be added a financial responsibility which he ought not to have been called upon to assume.

That same evening Brigadier-General Hamilton prepared a wire asking for 120 lorries, two field butcheries and bakeries, and many other things. But even this could not go off, as the only means of communication, a French cruiser, had already left to try to pick up Lemnos from out at sea. She had always to do this, her wireless having only a very limited range. Naturally, it added much to the difficulties of this hole-in-a-corner Mission that this was all the facilities they had for communicating with the outside world. A visit to this cruiser on her return established the fact that the French, who had sent a similar Mission, had left theirs in the same position as ours as to lack of official status. But where they had undoubtedly gone one better was in sending their representatives in civilian garb.

Even such a trifling matter as obtaining office accommodation proved difficult. A house was searched for, but (enterprising British house agents please note!) there were no house agents, and houses were never advertised to let. The Greek mobilization was proceeding with a lack of enthusiasm only too apparent, with, indeed, about as much enthusiasm as system. But this mobilization provided the pro-Germans and obstructionists with a very handy and convenient trump card. Again and again, when on the point of coming to terms for a Base Headquarters, the deal was crabbed by the arrival of an official with the information that that particular building was part of the mobilization scheme. This, however, is anticipating a little.

Next morning an offer was made to let the Mission a small hotel of eighteen rooms for £380 per month — only about five guineas per room per week! More reasonable accommodation, however, was found after a day or two. Everyone was up to his eyes in work, selecting, among other things, camp sites for troops and supply depots, and attempting to purchase forage and wood. The A.S.C., indeed, requested a local agent to make it known that they were 'prepared to do a deal in almost anything' — so amazingly comprehensive nowadays are the needs of an army.

H.M.S. Doris arrived with no news and no orders, and the newspapers began to get busy. Muddling up Brigadier-General Hamilton with General Sir Ian Hamilton, it was gravely

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announced that "It is confirmed that General Sir Ian Hamilton, Commander-in-chief of the Anglo-French Army in the Orient, arrived at Salonica the day before yesterday. He was accompanied by all his staff, composed of superior English and French officers.'

Finally, as a sort of last straw to their load of difficulties — not a tenth part of which it is possible to indicate — the British Ambassador at Athens wired to the Mission that their unexpected arrival was having a bad effect politically, and they had better leave as early as possible. A council of war was immediately held. The situation was becoming so intolerable that the advisability of withdrawing had to be debated. But British pertinacity won the day. It was decided, though not quite unanimously, that they had been sent there by the War Office, and could not take orders to depart from anyone else. The Ambassador was requested to repeat his message home, and as a result, at 11 P.M. that evening, the Mission found itself recognized at last. The Greek Government made a formal protest, and folded its arms — and the Royalists, no doubt, winked at each other complacently. They knew the game they meant to play.

But surely never before has any country sent out a Military Mission to start a war, and that Mission been ordered home by its country's Ambassador?

One can only surmise that Lord Kitchener had acted on his own, and that the Foreign Office, having no information, could not instruct its representative. The only other possible explanation is, that the Ambassador was putting up a bluff, because the political situation was so delicate and dangerous that he had to pretend either not to know or to disapprove of what was going on. If that is the case, he was transgressing an elementary law common both to diplomacy and to bridge — finessing against his partner. Supposing the Mission had taken his advice? What then?

II

They were recognized, and it was possible now to go openly to work. But it was not long before they discovered that this by no means meant that things were going to go smoothly. A visit in the morning to a comrade of the French Mission, at some offices he had hired near the quay, opened their eyes as to the sort of thing they were in for. It seemed that at 5 P.M. on the previous day, after he had landed a few men, and was making them comfortable for the night, a Greek armed party arrived and turned them out bag and baggage. The Greeks occupied the offices themselves, and the French spent the night at their Consulate. It was quite clear that the King's party did not intend to take things lying down. But the Allies could only grin and bear it. Their orders were to be conciliatory at all costs, and even included a command to salute every Greek officer, whatever his rank.

The British turn came next. Brigadier-General Hamilton decided that our troops should be camped to the southeast of the town, and all arrangements were planned in accordance with that decision. Suddenly the Greeks announced that they needed that particular site for themselves — and the Mission had to select another one northwest.

There was a gentleman named Colonel Messalas, the Greek Base Commandant at Salonica, whom the Mission will remember long after the malarial microbes have departed from their blood. He was quite nice to look at, and his manners were politeness itself. Outwardly he was one of the most charming of men, but in-

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wardly he was a very genius in the arts of deceit, espionage, and obstruction. Later he was deported, but for a long time he had things all his own way. Pin-prick after pin-prick he jabbed in with a delightful smile — and sent a full report to Germany every week.

One of his best efforts was concerned with a big farm at a place called Topsin. On October 6 this was hired for the purposes of being turned into a Base Hospital, and a couple of hundred tons of hay on the premises were bought at the same time. A deposit of 1250 francs was paid on the rent; and on the 8th the Greeks calmly requisitioned the farm for themselves. Inwardly fuming, but openly smiling, the harassed authorities consented to the earnest-money standing as part payment for the hay, which was to be sent in by rail. On the 12th, 3500 francs were advanced to the owner for a fortnight's rail charges for delivery, and on the 14th we were politely informed that the Greek Government had now forbidden the removal of the hay as well. The military attaché was appealed to, but nothing could be done, except to place the question of the return of the money advanced in the hands of the solicitor to the British Consulate.

There was also the comic-opera incident of the triple-sentried barn. The contents of a large barn were purchased outright at a good stiff Macedonian price. Then one day the contractor came along 'with the wind up.' The Greek Government, he declared, had threatened to imprison him unless the keys were produced in half an hour! The representative of Britain's Might, who had possession of the keys, accompanied by an armed guard, hurried to the scene, and found that the door had already been broken down and a Greek sentry posted. A British sentry was also posted, and then a French officer arrived, accompanied by a guard, which he, too, proceeded solemnly to post. It appeared that the hay had been sold first to the British, and then to the French — for cash, and finally commandeered by the Greeks. Unfortunately for the gayety of nations, no triangular duel *à la Midshipman Easy* took place. The Greeks got the hay.

Possibly the presence of these unwelcome Allied officers added a little extra bitterness to the Royalists' appetizers at Floca's, the principal café in the *Place de la Liberté;* but with one train a day running direct to Constantinople, and Colonel Messalas in authority at the port, the situation must have afforded them considerable secret entertainment.

No means of annoyance was neglected, big or little. The French were forced to camp on a particularly unhealthy spot. The Greek army was encamped between us and the enemy, and strong control-posts were established in every direction, beyond which they refused to allow our patrols to pass. They insisted on our making a weekly return of the stores landed for our troops 'for customs' purposes,' and even had the impudence to demand detail figures — which, needless to say, they did not get! In many petty ways they tried to sow dissension between us and the French, but there they always failed ingloriously. One instance, which resulted in an act of friendly bribery and corruption, may perhaps be recorded here. It turned out in the end that our Monastir Road Supply Depot, after all the jiggery-pokery about sites, was situated on ground finally allotted to the French. But no blood was shed. As another suitable site could not be obtained, we bought our ally off with the loan of

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five motor-lorries, and for that illegal consideration were allowed to remain where we were.

Another trick, when in spite of their watchfulness a purchase had been completed, was to requisition the article in question for the Greek army direct from us. We had to submit, for undoubtedly they were within their international rights; but thanks to the give and take between the Allies, even this measure could be circumvented. On one occasion they requisitioned all the hay acquired with great difficulty by the French, and all the wood that we had contrived to get hold of by various roundabout means. Possibly even Tino himself and Queen Sophie heard of the matter, and smiled and rubbed their hands at the thought of the French with no fodder and the British with no wood. Perhaps they even went so far as to drink to our speedy voyage homewards in despair. But owing to the way we were working hand in hand nothing very serious happened. The British A.D.S.T. had an interview with the French Chief Intendant, and five hundred tons of British hay were swapped for their equivalent in French wood.

There was obstruction everywhere. The personnel of the railways was practically all pro-German, and at all times everything possible, from sending unsuitable trucks to a deliberate derailment, and consequent blockage of the line was done to hinder our movements and defeat our requirements. We were never allowed to use the Greek telegraph wires, but were always politely informed that they were needed for government purposes; we were not allowed to place telephone lines on any Greek posts or houses; and when at last we erected a line of our own, this was deliberately tapped.

Things went even further than obstruction, for there was more than a suspicion that at one time the comitadji were being organized to murder the British and French staff in Salonica. Who was at the back of this is not known for certain, but rumor has it that on a certain night all the British and French officers discovered in the town were to have their throats slit in the best comitadji style, and for days various ferocious-looking ruffians were observed slinking into the town from the surrounding villages. The situation was met by quietly moving all the troops to the outskirts, and training every gun that would bear from our ships in the harbor on to the town on the night on which the murders were to take place. At the least sign of a riot, a pre-arranged signal would have been given to the fleet and Salonica blown to blazes. The Greek Club, the Odeon, Floca's, the Gayety, and the White Tower, all places crowded with officers and civilians in the evening, had a carefully-sighted gun trained upon them.

There was no riot — and no more comitadji plots against the staff.

III

It is the doubtful privilege of the A.S.C. to be first in the field and last out. In this case that meant that all sorts of extraneous duties were thrust upon it. Besides its proper functions — heavy enough at the commencement of a campaign, and specially difficult in that atmosphere of obstruction — the A.S.C. had also to undertake the hiring of accommodation for other branches, advances of money to officers, payment of troops, purchases of ordinance and royal engineers' material, and the payment of all supply and transport bills. There was nobody else to do these things, so the already overwhelmed A.S.C. found itself saddled with a heavy financial responsibility and much extra labor in

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keeping the necessary accounts. Everything had to be paid for on the spot, and in most cases advances had to be made before delivery. As in many instances — thanks to the interference of the ever-active Colonel Messalas — delivery did not take place, in spite of the 'earnest money' already received, complications were always arising, and the solicitor to the Consulate found a good deal of extra work thrust upon him.

There was trouble everywhere. Even the landing of stores was ridiculously difficult. The Huntsfal, an ex-German boat, was the first supply ship in. She had on board besides her cargo, consisting chiefly of bully-beef and biscuits, a few British troops and the 273d Depot Unit of Supply. These men practically formed the advance party of the expedition, and, clerks and all, were promptly turned into stevedores, as no civilian labor (another pin-prick) was available. One of the holds was loaded with potatoes, which had become heated on the voyage, and most of this part of the cargo had to be dumped into the harbor.

These amateur stevedores had first to unload the ship on to barges, and then accompany the barges to the only pier, where, as no cranes were available, the boxes had to be thrown off one by one!

The goods, having been stacked on this narrow wooden jetty, were then placed on railway trucks and pushed to the road by hand — a distance of about 250 yards — as we were not allowed to hire any engines! For this the freightage was 35*s.* per truck — and it had to be paid. What can the man in the corner do but consent to be squeezed — and be very punctilious about his salutes! The cream of the jest, from the Greek point of view, was that we provided our own labor. We pushed the trucks ourselves, and paid 35*s.* for the privilege! Fleecing the Allies quickly became a popular pastime in those days. The government gave folks a lead by raising all passenger and goods fares on the railways 7½ per cent for our special benefit!

It is difficult to know whether to call the situation farce or tragedy, so pitifully unequal was that one and only jetty to the task of landing the stores of a modern army. Each truck had to be turned by hand twice on each trip on a turntable. Goods were dumped at the end of the jetty, and carted off by such transport as could be obtained. No motor or wheeled transport had arrived, and the only vehicles obtainable — mostly long narrow ox-carts of an incredible crudity and creakiness, hired at 25*s.* per day — were quite incapable of coping with the work. The result was that the dump was never cleared. It grew and grew — till at last the jetty sank under its weight!

Further difficulties were caused by the Greek mobilization methods. They had no proper census of vehicles, and the plan adopted was to commandeer anything seen in the streets, with driver and load thrown in. British supplies were 'scrounged' with the rest, and in the end an armed guard had always to be sent as escort. But naturally vehicle owners were very shy of coming out, even under British protection.

What working in such conditions was like, it is not hard to imagine. The amazing thing is that anything got done at all. Remembering the frailty of human nature, the tact and patience which avoided any open breach at a time when everybody was being cruelly overworked, and must have known how all their difficulties were being artificially increased, are worthy of the highest praise and admiration.

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IV

The landings at Salonica compare very unfavorably with those at the Dardanelles, where every detail was elaborately and successfully worked out. In spite of the fact that the troops were under fire, everything went with a smoothness and a precision that demonstrated for all time how splendidly the navy and army can work together when given a chance.

But the landings at Salonica, which on the face of things would appear to be a much simpler task, were a very different story. At the Dardanelles the organization was right, and organization in such matters is everything. At Salonica there was no organization. The organization did not fail; it simply never existed. No time was allowed for its creation. That curse of good soldiering, *la haute politique*, had its inconsiderate finger in the military pie.

It must have been so. No War Office, not even ours, after such a brilliant achievement as the Dardanelles landings, and with the extra knowledge and experience gained on the peninsula, could have thrown troops about in that higgledy-piggledy fashion unless subjected to some overweening outside pressure. Apparently it was necessary for political reasons that someone should be able to stand up in the House and announce, amid decorous cheers, that at a certain moment there were a hundred thousand of our men in Greece. This meant that a hundred thousand men had to be hurled into Salonica anyhow without a moment's delay — or the right honorable gentleman would not have been speaking the truth. And that, and not bad staff work, explains, if it does not justify, the breathless haste with which the campaign was started, and the lack of order in which the troops were dispatched. It would have been better to have lied. But statesmen are not soldiers, though they may be amateur strategists. They could not be expected to bother about how this hastily gathered army was to be fed and accommodated, or to consider the feelings of the Army Service Corps.

It was a pity, of course, but these things will happen. Granted that Parliament was restless, and granted that the need for troops was frantically urgent and much precious time had been wasted, all the same in the end a little less haste would have meant much more speed. Lack of method is a bad way of making up for lost time.

This is what happened. On October 3, only three days after the Mission had landed, a wire was received that the Albion, with a thousand British troops would shortly arrive. These troops were the advance party of the 10th Division, and they came on the 5th.

The actual landing of French and British troops was practically simultaneous, and among the news of the day the following amusing paragraph appeared in the local press:

> The Austrian and German Consuls went in the afternoon to a little headland outside the town and explored the horizon with their glasses.

It is to be regretted that there was no enterprising journalist there to report their conversation. Later they went even further. Taking advantage of the peculiar political situation and the protection of the Royalists, they ended by standing openly on the quay with notebooks in their hands, frankly counting the troops as they came ashore. Nobody can blame them, of course; but what is one to say for an allied government that expected a successful war to be waged in such circumstances? By far the blackest chapter in the history of the Salonica

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expedition is the supineness of our political attitude to Greece. It was, actually, not until our supply depots had been bombed at the end of the year that the Allies plucked up courage enough to deport the enemy's official representatives.

However, somehow or other the Albion's complement was got ashore, and the rest of the division and its stores followed in driblets on its heels, sandwiched among supply and ammunition ships. By October 28, in spite of all this confusion, and in spite of the deliberate congestion of the quays (a neat pin-prick that!), the arrival and disembarkation of the 10th Division was complete, except for an ammunition column lost in the Marquette, sunk by torpedo off Volo.

It may be observed here that to tear the 10th Division straight from the trenches at Gallipoli and plank them down in Salonica, just as they were, was undoubtedly a big political blunder. With nations as with individuals, it is the little things that count. They were excellent material, but they showed the marks of the hard service they had seen. Many were still wearing summer helmets and shorts; many were without puttees, and quite a number had broken bayonets or none at all. Their best friends cannot describe them as anything else but disreputable-looking, and this was the division launched into an unfriendly country at such a critical moment. Better have waited a fortnight for something spick and span and fresh from home! Undoubtedly the Greeks expected to see a trim and shining example of the Glorious British Army, of which they had heard so much. A nice new division, which by the way is roughly eight miles long on the march, sent through the streets of Salonica, would have created a sense of respect among the Royalists, all in new uniforms themselves, and probably have led to the avoidance of much of that obstruction which so annoyingly hampered all our efforts. As it was, many of the officers of the division themselves felt at the time that the impression made upon the Greeks by this rag-bag army was that Britain was already beaten.

To return to the landings, it was the A.S.C. who suffered most for the sins of the politicians. The flurried way in which the expedition was flung at their heads created an excess of confusion and difficulty and extra work at a time when everybody from the highest to the humblest was already working at the utmost pressure. It may have been politically necessary, but disgraceful is the only possible description of the way the force arrived and landed. The fighting troops and their baggage came first; then supplies; and last, transport! As a consequence, very heavy expenditure was incurred which might easily have been avoided; and the A.S.C., already short of transport, found its resources strained almost to breaking point. And when the transport did at last arrive it was found that there was in some cases no harness for the horses!

The 22d Division, dispatched in great haste from France, arrived on the afternoon of November 5, and their first line transport vehicles were disembarked without animals or personnel. Mules had to be borrowed to take the vehicles to their camp at Galiko, seven miles out, at a time when every animal was working double tides.

A Motor Ambulance convoy blew in with fifty vehicles — for which at that time there was not the slightest use. Permission was applied for — since motor transport was worth its weight in gold just then — to paint out the Red Cross and use the vehicles

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as bread vans. But this was refused, although the 22d Division had to be withdrawn from Galiko to Lembet on November 19 owing to shortage of transport. The irony of the situation was doubled by the fact that when they sent this Motor Ambulance convoy off, the naval authorities, for some reason, held up two ships full of motor transport at Mudros. This was one of the very few occasions when the army thirsted for the navy's blood!

On November 22, information was received that 'units of the 27th Division had sailed.' This was the first intimation that this division was coming out at all, and serves to illustrate the uncertainty that always existed as regards the arrival of troops. The French, who were in the same boat with us, landed three times as many men in much better order. But they were not rushed and muddled by their own people as we were. However, by slavery and self-sacrifice, each difficulty was met, each complication unraveled, . . . and it does n't really matter if there was a good deal of bad language directed back across the seas. Parliament and the War Office were too far away to hear it.

Even when the horse transport arrived, it brought another trouble with it. It was useful enough round about Salonica, and did much excellent work on extremely bad and muddy roads. But as there were no roads in the campaigning district, but only mountain tracks impossible for any wheeled vehicle, obviously the crying need of the future was going to be Pack Transport. The War Office was communicated with. But the War Office said 'No' — only to be forced to say 'Yes' later, after further irritating delays. Somehow the British War Office will never learn to trust the man on the spot.

In one instance, when a brigade of the 22d Division was ordered to proceed up country, having no train, a Train Company had to be improvised from what was left of the Reserve Parks, thus further depleting an already insufficient local transport.

All these things, of course, go to show with what unseemly haste the expedition was flung across the seas. Obviously all the authorities thought of or cared about was getting the troops ashore. So hurriedly were the transports sent off that hardly a ship's Manifest was correct, and it was impossible in the circumstances to check everything on disembarkation. The result was that for a long time Headquarters never knew exactly what troops and what transport had arrived. Life was a frantic rush of 'fitting in,' 'fixing up,' and 'making do,' and it is little short of miraculous that, in spite of all the confusion and difficulty caused by this haphazard method of dispatch, things went as smoothly as they did. Needless to say, there were many changes of personnel among all grades. Such conditions are a searching test of capacity, and do not permit of any mercy being shown to the slightest hint of incompetence or unresourcefulness. Many men, excellent soldiers and organizers on ordinary lines, had to be scrapped because they were hardly up to the difficulties of such an amazing situation.

V

The history of the Motor Transport at this period is not without interest. The first Motor Transport did not arrive until October 21, and consisted of seven lorries of 244 M.T. Company, four of which needed repair before they could be moved from the quay, and with only two motor drivers for the lot. The reception accorded them by folks ashore, tearing their hair for transport of any description, is better

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omitted than described. A few days later the rest of the company landed with a hundred and ten lorries all told — and no spare parts. These vehicles were all converted London General Omnibuses, which had already seen service in France and in Egypt, and were supposed to be practically worn out when they arrived, though as a matter of fact, many of them, like Charley's Aunt, are still running.

No mercy was shown to this Company, or to 245 Company, the next to arrive. As the vehicles came off the ship, then and there the cabs and petrol tanks, which had been removed for stowage purposes, were bolted on, and every lorry immediately set to work. And they continued working, with a double shift, twenty-four hours a day for five strenuous months!

At that time there were three supply depots, each run by a temporary second lieutenant, which speaks for itself as regards the shortage of personnel. Transport, too, was so short that the divisional supply trains were obliged to come down to the Base and draw their own forage. Outside the depot every day there was a string of G.S. wagons over a mile long!

The weather was our enemy all the time. It was bitterly cold and desperately wet and depressing. Three weeks' almost continuous downpour had made the dump at the railway jetty and each of the supply depots a foot deep in mud. Work in such circumstances was doubly arduous and disheartening. A three-ton lorry is not the most tractable of vehicles in a foot of sticky mud.

Hard though the transport worked, it was hopelessly insufficient. If a ship were discharged on the quay for twenty-four hours, it took forty-eight hours to clear it. And some genius among the Royalists invented a new pin-prick. Always round the supply depot there was a string of some fifty Greek Army mules, to whom motor transport was a new experience. Even those who remember the early days of motor cars and the horse at home can barely imagine the rest! These were mules — pack mules, untrammeled by carts; Macedonian mules, resentful of the presence of these strange monsters on the narrow highway. At a time when every hour was precious, the antics of these brutes caused us the greatest inconvenience and delay. And we had to swallow our knowledge that it was neither an accident nor a coincidence that led to a daily encounter!

While on the subject of mules, it may be mentioned that a Mule Depot was formed immediately next door to our Base Supply Depot. Nobody ever settled the question as to which was the more appalling — the smell or the flies. Neither was very good for the rations.

The depot was soon in sore need of extension. It overgrew itself so much that thousands of cases had to be stored in the road. Application was made, therefore, for the mules to be removed.

Colonel Messalas was very nice about it. A dozen animals were shifted next morning. Then nothing further happened for a fortnight, when the application was renewed.

Colonel Messalas was even nicer this time, and his subordinates positively beamed. Quite thirty animals were ostentatiously transferred next morning.

Altogether it took three months to get rid of them, and then six weeks of hard unpleasant work were required to clear away the manure.

Another transport trouble was the brigandage of some of the Greek soldiery. There was only one man on each lorry, of course, as the second driver was working on the other shift. When the lorry slowed down on a hill,

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a Greek soldier would spring on board and pitch off a case or two, while a comrade covered the driver with his rifle. This became so serious that the French armed their men with carbines. But the British M.T. had no rifles. They had been given up in Egypt for use in the Dardanelles. Many of the men, however, bought revolvers on their own account, which were taken away when things had quieted down, and handed into the C.Q.M.'s stores for return *après la guerre!*

There were difficulties everywhere. For one thing, there was a lack of tarpaulins, and many supplies were damaged by rain. For another, there was a grave shortage of tires. There was no tire-press in the country, and when renewal was absolutely necessary the wheels had to be sent to Egypt to have the new tires pressed on.

And all the while the weather was vile beyond words. When the Field Bakery was at last got to work, much of its first big bake was spoiled by the backs of the ovens being washed away. The Aldershot pattern supplied was useless for such weather. Perkins's Traveling Ovens were promptly demanded, but meanwhile the Field Bakery men were not exactly the happiest or most popular of mortals.

No praise can be too high for the men who toiled so strenuously and so cheerfully amid such discomfort, or lay shivering in their damp tents at night. Beyond all question, it was largely due to the grit of the drivers of 244 and 245 M.T. Companies, who slithered day and night over those muddy nightmares of roads, that the heavily-handicapped Salonica army ever got off from the starting post for that hopeless race to Serbia at all.

VI

Amid a welter of mud and obstruction, hampered by insufficient personnel and vehicles, the A.S.C. had to cater for an army of ever-increasing numbers. Munitions had also to be handled, and likewise a thousand and one other things that are part of a modern army in the field. There were only the worst of roads, the poorest of facilities, and all the time their work was hindered by the furtive hostility of Colonel Messalas and his merry men at a time when every minute was of value. Yet in spite of all this, the army never actually went wanting, though the possibility of running dangerously short of supplies weighed on the A.S.C. like a nightmare during the whole of this period.

At the end of November supplies of tea, jam, and sugar ran very low owing to the arrivals of new troops without rations. In one instance a transport came in with troops supposed to be carrying twenty days' landing rations. Actually the men had to be issued with four days' rations while still on board.

Frequently there was only two days' stock of essentials in hand, and on more than one occasion there was nothing available for the morrow. In the middle of October instructions were received from the Military Attaché that no more local purchases of foodstuffs were to be made, and that the Greek Government would not ratify any bargains, the delivery of which had not been completed. This meant that the feeding of the force must be wholly dependent on supply ships, and by the middle of December the feeding strength was 90,000 men and 25,000 horses.

All the time there was a petrol shortage. Loans were obtained from the French on several occasions, and the whole of the available stock in Salonica was purchased from the Standard Oil Company. The circumstances of this transaction are rather

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amusing. Mr. Smith, the Standard Company's chief representative, was always our friend. When it was reported to him that the Obstructionists objected to him selling his stock to us, that they meant to commandeer it for themselves, and had placed sentries at the doors of his depot to prevent any more being delivered to us, like a good American he merely said ''s that so?' Then he spat reflectively at the mantelpiece.

(Of course he does n't spit, really, and there was n't any mantelpiece — but it's the sort of story that demands to be told like that!)

Our Main Supply Depot was immediately behind his warehouse. So, knowing the greatness of our need, he arranged for his men quietly to push the whole of his stock over the wall on to our premises. All day long the work went on — while the Greek pro-German emissaries solemnly stood guard in front to make sure that the British were not getting any petrol!

On December 26, however, the supply was entirely exhausted. But luckily the next day the Cazo Bonito arrived with 50,000 gallons.

Blackwood's Magazine

It ought to be clear by now that the promises of the opening words of this article have been rigidly adhered to. Nothing has been said about the Berlin-Baghdad railway — and there has n't been a word about the fighting. Of course, in the days under review there was n't any. There was only an army getting ready in the mud and the cold, and when an army is getting ready, naturally the A.S.C. from the nature of its duties comes more to the front than usual. That is why this account has become of necessity mainly an A.S.C. chronicle.

The A.S.C. stands in no need of advertisement. Rightly the glory of war is for the man who fights. The A.S.C.'s proudest testimonial is the fact that all the army pulls its leg. Whom Tommy loves he 'chips'! The record of the A.S.C. in this war has been a very fine one; it was not made the R.A.S.C. for nothing. And so far as the Salonica campaign is concerned, it 'made good' in spite of home confusion and local obstruction and difficulty, with an efficiency, adaptability, and foresight of which it may well feel a little proud.

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SENATOR LODGE

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

A GOOD test question in a general-knowledge examination paper for English college students, or for the new House of Commons, would be: Name three United States Senators, with the States they represent in Congress. The number of people able to score a full mark would be distressingly small. The truth is, one suspects, that the American Senate, or the French, does not exist for the ordinary Englishman, even when his education has been, as things go, pretty good. The man with a little knowledge of American history may have a dim memory of a past Senator or two — Charles Sumner, say, and Daniel Webster — but that does not help him. He knows that the Senate has nothing to do with the Presidency. Lincoln was not sent there, or Roosevelt, or Woodrow Wilson. Not even the American ambassadors have been trained in the Senate. Hence the average Englishman's conclusion that the Upper House of Congress cannot count for very much in either home or foreign affairs. And then he may experience a slight shock with the discovery that the Senate is an integral part of the treaty-making power of the United States, and that one particular Senator may suddenly stand out as virtual leader of the Opposition, with power to embarrass the President and, it may be, cause some misgiving among the plenipotentiaries at a world Peace Congress.

Such, at the moment, is Henry Cabot Lodge, senior Senator from Massachusetts — a man of some mark, to whom the British public may usefully give a certain measure of attention.

Senator Lodge is nearing his seventieth year. Born in Boston, he graduated at Harvard in 1871, was called to the Bar of his State, had some experience as editor of the *North American* and another less-known review and has written a good many books. Being a man of means and culture, he might easily have chosen, like so many of his Boston contemporaries, a life of lettered ease. But he has made politics the main concern of an active career. From the Assembly of his own State he went to Washington, and for many years has sat continuously as a Senator from Massachusetts. The Congressional elections of last November gave the Republicans the smallest possible majority in the Senate. But a majority of one secures the advantage in appointing the committees by which most of the work in Congress is done. Mr. Lodge is now the senior — or, as the Americans say, the ranking — member of the majority. To him belongs the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee, so that he becomes the intermediary in foreign affairs between the Senate on the one hand and the President and Secretary of State on the other. The position carries authority and responsibility. In Mr. Lodge the Committee of the new Senate will have a chairman of wide knowledge and long experience, able to influence, perhaps to a serious extent, the attitude of Congress toward the President and the peace settlement in the crisis of the world. And Mr. Lodge

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is a Republican, a downright partisan, an opponent of the League of Nations scheme as framed in Paris, and a thoroughgoing antagonist, personal and political, of President Wilson.

In order to understand the good Senator we must, of course, know something of the influences which lie behind him. It would hardly be possible to find, in public life, a more complete representative of the older New England than Henry Cabot Lodge. In 1850, when he was born into its fortunate society, Boston was a small place of 133,000 people. It was the city of Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell, of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and the early Abolitionists — the cultural metropolis and moral pole of the Northern States. Senator Lodge, in his autobiography, gives an attractive description of the close community of Boston 'first families,' whose muster-roll contains at least three fourths of the names known to all English lovers of American books and the American tradition. Fifty years of polyglot immigration since the Civil War have transformed the social life of the New England States beyond recognition, but Senator Lodge's special constituency to-day includes a powerful minority standing for the past of the New England clans, while the State of Massachusetts at large can still, as a rule, be depended upon to vote the straight Republican ticket.

There is one particular aspect of Senator Lodge's political inheritance which is of singular historic interest. His *Early Memories*, published some seven years ago, is not important as a political record, but it is among the best personal records we have of the New England now so rapidly passing away. Again and again in its pages the author notes the strength and depth of the anti-English feeling which prevailed in his world. It was in the air of his childhood, and from his earliest years his opinions were, as he says rather neatly, 'strong and sound as to Great Britain.' At the close of an interesting chapter on the Civil War he writes:

> I can recall well the impotent rage I used to feel when I read sentences from English newspapers or magazines like *Blackwood's*. I knew nothing of the details then, I know them all now, and my anger has long since been swallowed up in sheer marvel at the stupidity of the English Government and of the English governing classes, as well as at the utter lack of ability and capacity displayed by so many of those leaders whom the English always talk and write about as though they were very great men. That England's treatment of the United States was inexcusable, and that she was forced to make an apology for her conduct, is the least part of it It is the exquisite stupidity of it all which is so amazing.

Mr. Lodge confesses his gratitude to those leaders in England, and to the workmen of Lancashire, who stood by the North in its ordeal. He knows that 'the closest and most friendly relations between the two powers are for the interest of peace and freedom, as well as of both countries and of the world.' He has done what he could to promote such relations, among other things writing a little book on the *Hundred Years of Peace*. But:

> I have never thought it necessary to make needless concessions in order to obtain this result. . . . Still less have I ever felt the slightest deference to English opinion except for that of certain people, few in number, as in the war time, who are genuine friends to the United States.

To the England of our own time — 'the England of Balfour and Lansdowne, of Rosebery and Bryce, and Harcourt and Grey'— Mr. Lodge pays tribute. It has, he says, made a great and wise advance in the matter of feeling and policy toward the United States. This we all recognize

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and rejoice in. It is worth remarking that the old hostility prevailed in spite of the fact, especially noted by the Senator, that in the New England life of which he was part every single thing — manners, books, modes of thought, social standards, dress, food — was, as nearly as might be, English. And of himself Mr. Lodge would probably say, as he said in this connection of Charles Sumner: 'The very fact of his many friendships in England made his resentment all the keener.'

Being an old Republican, of New England and the Atlantic shore, Senator Lodge's position in regard to the great war could have been foretold. He was from the beginning fervidly pro-Allies. In August, 1914, he was in England, and he conceived a great admiration for our country by reason of the national decision and effort. He is of those who believe that the United States should have been early in the conflict — if not during the autumn of 1914, which was plainly impossible, then by the summer of 1915. For Republicans of the Lodge 'stripe,' as they say in America, Theodore Roosevelt was guilty of almost the unpardonable crime when, in 1912, he broke up the old party; but after 1916 (when Roosevelt, upon refusing the Progressive nomination to the Presidency, cynically told his old friends that the leader of Massachusetts conservatism was their man), Senator Lodge counted as the ex-President's chief lieutenant in Congress. And, since the armistice, he has come nearer than any other politician to being the acknowledged leader of the Opposition forces. When the negotiations of last October were going forward, and the Republican papers throughout the country were decrying the celebrated three questions addressed by the President to the German Government, Senator Lodge came out with a statement of his own peace terms. They were, it was remarked, a good deal harder than those of another unauthorized programme which, about the same time, was circulated in America by Lord Northcliffe. Senator Lodge thereupon became the spokesman of the party of Unconditional Surrender in the interval during which the American public remained without instruction as to the absolute collapse of the German power. And, since he is, on the whole, the best equipped politician in the Senate, he has kept his place.

Thus far, it may be said, the position of the Senator from Massachusetts is easy enough to understand. But why should he now be taking this uncompromising line in regard to the international covenant and the sharing by the United States in the preservation of peace? The question is not easy to answer in a paragraph. To begin with, Senator Lodge and his friends are in a logical dilemma — a dilemma which Roosevelt could evade by frequent changes of front towards the League of Nations. America, says Senator Lodge, must go right back to the principles of George Washington and once more clear herself of European entanglements; but in his own peace terms a prominent place was given to absolute guaranties for the smaller nations. The contradiction is fundamental, and it is not lessened by the stand taken by the Lodge section of the Republican party in favor of an earlier entry by America into the war. Senator Lodge does not in the least resemble Senator Borah of Idaho, or Senator Poindexter of the far-western State of Washington — except that, like them, he is a Republican who believes that a Democratic President and Administration are a calamity. His political traditions and training are, indeed, strikingly opposed to theirs. He lives in a different world of thought

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and association. And yet, to-day, by the fact of his insistence upon the return of the United States to a policy of isolation in foreign affairs, he has effected an alliance between the sterner Conservatives of the East (needless to say, during the period of American neutrality the strongest body of pro-Allies opinion in the country) and those sections of the West which, with much more show of reason than Massachusetts or Pennsylvania can make, are profoundly disturbed by thoughts of the burden of responsibility which will be the portion of the United States in the projected settlement of the Old World. Senator Lodge has taken what is doubtless an original step in his struggle with the President, by canvassing the members of the new Senate in advance of its first meeting and obtaining the signatures of thirty-seven members (more than the third of the whole necessary to prevent ratification of the treaty) against the League of Nations covenant. Naturally everybody is asking: What does this amount to? Is it conceivable that the thirty-seven will stand to their protest and, when the occasion comes, permit Mr. Lodge to lead them into a repudiation of the peace and of the covenant which sooner or later will have to be made into a great instrument of the world's welfare and security? It is impossible to say: many things will have happened, in America as in Europe, before the day of ratification comes. The American people are being vastly entertained by the public debate between Mr. Lodge and one of the ablest advocates in his own party of the League of Nations — Mr. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University. And in the meantime the Senator is in part detached from the official majority of the Opposition, which is being vigorously led by Mr. Taft, the first front-rank Republican to come out in emphatic and generous support of President Wilson's momentous enterprise in Europe.

The New Statesman

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TAKING THE WATERS

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

When Jemima got the letter she was elated; since anything that expressed scandal or losing your good name had plagued her throughout. This letter now lying in her lap completed that fair structure — her complete restoration in the eyes of the world. Since Beatrice, beyond all the others, had been quite implacable; she was such a thoroughly good woman.

Beatrice had written, and not only that; she began 'Dearest Jemima.'

'For years,' said Jemima, speaking out at the big window and smiling maliciously, 'I have been to Beatrice merely "that woman"!'

Her smile broadened; it grew tender, tolerant, amused. What a queer thing life was! And how fascinating! When you got into what, as she put it, was the dim cloister of your gray hairs, it became more fascinating than ever.

Those terms, 'middle-aged,' 'elderly,' which, in the opulence of extreme youth, in the gaudy years of mid-thirties passion, had seemed so dreary, so — as it were — thick and heavy (describing that state), why — it was charming! Never had she enjoyed life as she was enjoying it now.

She had placed herself. She had battled through the surf of many emotions; she had landed upon a shore that was golden, reflective. She could watch the battles of other people. They were all of them so tumultuous, so absorbed — just as she had been! Watching them, she knew what the end would be. Some would go under, but only a few. Most of them would reach the shore; they would become very much diverted — as she was!

She sat at a window of the great drawing-room, in the house which her resource had decided upon when the time returned for married housekeeping with Charles. Emotional ends had been drawn together, tied up tightly, in this house. Of the people that they knew now, not a soul suspected what their past was.

'It is my past, not his,' thought Jemima, and her lazy smile became terrible.

Charles had been so good — and yet so bad. She had been so bad — and yet so good. This expressed the riddle of their married life.

But they had lived here together for seven reunited years, and nobody suspected.

They lived in a little watering-place — a town not new enough to be mushroom, not old enough to be musty; it exactly expressed the mid-stage of life that they had reached. It was a town reminiscent of the Regency, with its amusing excesses, or of a certain stately Evangelicism — according to your mood. Jemima was in sympathy with piety.

This house which she had chosen was one of a Crescent which curved away from the sea. Green lawns intervened between the Crescent and the Channel.

It was a corner house, with a stately, stone-flagged entrance hall, square and cold — a little forbidding. It was as far removed from the hat-and-umbrella-stand idea of an entrance hall as could possibly be.

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There was a bowed window in the drawing-room, in which not only Jemima could sit, but her tiny work-table also. Charles came and sat there, too, sometimes. They would watch the passers-by, quite amicable together, gently gibing at the peculiarities of other people, and agreeing that nowadays life in the country would never do for them.

Yet until the break-up of their life they had adored the country. For her part, Jemima had suffered too much in narrow green lanes — wrestling sullenly with the biggest temptation that there is in life — ever to love them any more.

No; she loved her big house in the old town — a house that had the serene plainness often found in irresistible women.

She loved the little helpless sort of balcony outside the windows. Upon them she had stood pots growing a sturdy plant that in autumn showed an orange berry.

Old friends who came to stay — meeting this extraordinary pair for the first time after their disruption — would break the awkwardness of reunion by admiring the house, asking ecstatically, 'How *did* you find it?'

Charles always answered with amiable pride, 'Jemima found it. You know what a scent she has for houses — like a dog!'

He would look round him affably; he was clearly happy. Yet old friends, who had taken sides in their dispute, were uncomfortable, wondering how much they had told each other — of things that had been said.

Jemima sat in the window thinking of the past. The letter from Beatrice, unread, lay in her lap.

Her sin had been one sin; just the usual thing. Charles had not sinned at all; he had been consistently devoted — which merely meant that he had not broken the Seventh Commandment. Neither had Jemima; but she had played about with the idea. It was like a little puma — this Idea: a playful, adorable beast, yet getting too big to play with. Jemima had been clawed and torn, yet she had never been positively mangled.

As for Charles, he was exasperating. Yet she loved him better to-day than she had ever loved him. Now and then she told him so; but Charles, who was nothing but a big child, gone gray and cheated of his sugar-stick, declared peevishly that love did not matter now. She had spoiled everything years ago. She had rewarded his fidelity by shamefully falling in love with another man. And such a fellow!

They had settled down; she was forgiven. 'But, for goodness' sake,' concluded Charles, 'don't talk to me about emotion. I'm sick of it. Can you wonder?'

Charles was ten years her senior, yet, in a sense, he had become her son. She took a pride in him. She loved to look at him; he was erect and athletic — very good to look at. And he was hers.

Yet having once, by her own willful act, divested herself of a husband — by running away from him — she had never got used to having him again. When first they started living together in this house she found it delicious, revivifying — to own a husband again! It was like putting your hair up. She used to go out with a card-case, returning the calls of new neighbors. It was great fun to leave his cards. And it was such a comfort. For she had become weary — through those years when she had lived apart — of trying, socially, to keep her end up. Some people were ill-bred and *would* ask leading questions; but her candid glance and clear laugh got her out of every hobble. She had never been cut

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— except by her old friends. And Beatrice was one.

She took the letter up and then she put it down, for she had a way of loving to save up sensations, and something told her that this letter was awfully vital. With it lying in her lap she looked blandly — almost sleepily — round the peaceful room: she had the trick of arranging chairs and tables in a friendly yet reposeful way.

At length, smiling that languorous, wicked smile, she put on her spectacles. They amused her, as gray hairs amused her, and the wrinkles coming round her eyes and mouth. She approached old age as she approached everything else, with sheer vivacity — and meaning to get the last ounce of diversion!

That very day she had gone to a garden party in what Charles boisterously dismissed as 'a new rigout.'

She went to say good-bye to him, holding up her skirt to show her shoes and stockings. She turned her toes in then turned them out, asking, with perfect gravity, 'So! Are n't they nice?'

Charles had been in a good mood. He said, 'What a baby you are!'

Yet, equally, he might have been in a bad mood and said something beastly. There was the uncertainty of Charles.

She put the spectacles on. Then she tore them off. She dashed them down, with the letter, into her lap.

She said, with a funny half-sob, 'I don't want to read it — no, I don't.' Something of the perturbed rapture of the past got hold of her, just by touching this woman's letter — this woman who spoke out of the past. She remembered a particular week-end which she and Charles had spent with Beatrice and Tom. Dear old Tom! What an amiable duffer! He was most unsuitable as a husband for Beatrice; yet they appeared to jog on.

It had been July and in that very country house — charming, chintz-ey — from which Beatrice now wrote.

It was July, and, as it happened, it was six weeks before Tom was killed, motoring, and two months before Jemima ran away from Charles.

It was so hot that Sunday morning. She and Beatrice had walked up and down by the herbaceous borders, where the tall white lilies looked limp and the evening primroses stood with their languid, closed eyes.

She remembered how passionately she had talked. She had said that she could n't fight much longer; that she must capitulate; that nothing mattered but just to be the wholly beloved of the man you wanted most.

Beatrice had been deeply stirred. Yet, when September came, and with it the fact that Jemima had deserted Charles, Beatrice had been abominable. Jemima could still burn at the atrocious letter she wrote. And there was no letter between that one and this. She looked into her lap.

After lunch on that Sunday, Jemima had sprawled in the hammock, dreaming of the man she loved — the man who was not Charles.

Beatrice and Charles were sitting on the lawn, close by, talking calmly, placidly. They were excellent friends.

She was advising him to take bicarbonate of something — for he had a way of ailing, and she was skilled at the home medicine chest.

Jemima could hear her saying now, 'In hot water, at bed-time. *Really* hot.'

It had been the funniest thing: that they should sit there discussing little powders, while she was turning over in her mind whether she would break her marriage vow or not.

That breaking the marriage vow — which, technically, she had never done — seemed of no more importance today than Beatrice's little powder had then.

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She put her spectacles on again. She read the letter.

. . . . . .

She read the letter; then she at once looked up and stared through the window.

Then she asked herself — had she looked up at once? Or had she half-swooned — had there been a merciful queer lapse between the reading of this amazing document and the looking up? For the letter hit her hard.

She looked out of the window, her blank gaze resting upon the delicious June sprawl of the blue and twinkling Channel.

Then she saw Charles cross the road with General Blake. They were returning from the club. She watched these two elderly men, both of them so essentially British and 'nice,' expressing the most charming and leisured traditions. They were talking with amiable animation; they were fighting some little point of politics or sport.

They parted upon the curbstone, and then she heard Charles put his key into the door.

This sent her mad. She felt — in view of that letter from Beatrice — that she would not, could not, meet him any more.

But she stood up, composing herself. She took the triple anodyne — of religion, of good breeding, of middle life. There must not be a scene between them. There had been too many in the past.

He called out cheerfully, 'Jemima, Jemima!' He was in a good temper. Getting no answer, he exuberantly banged himself into the library.

She was glad that he did not come upstairs. It occurred to her quaintly (for all her essay at repression) that it was better to have the interview upon the ground floor. Upstairs, she might be tempted to jump out of the window.

Then, quite suddenly, she was taking it calmly, and she moved to the door; she stood upon the landing. Her fire left her, she felt limp.

The very passivity of the house induced some languor. She had often felt that. There was nothing to oppose you; nothing made hard. There was serene height and space to this big dwelling, built in the late 'thirties. There was something ugly, well-bred, epic, about it — all of that. You could not be feverish here, nor even declamatory. Yet neither could you be vigorous. It spoke of gently simpering women, with a harp and ringlets. She would not mar the equable temper of this place by any display that would assault the dead women, with their unperturbed lives.

So she went flowing down the broad and easy stairs — just as they might have done. She felt merely elegant, and she thought of them with gentle detachment: the relays of women who had passed up and down these stairs before she was born. She thought of them as be-muslined and be-ringleted (yet broken here and there by some solid, black, widow woman). She seemed to behold upon the balustrade their delicate hands — with perhaps a bracelet of plaited hair upon the white wrist.

She stood in the hall, with its successive archways, with the rich rug that fell before the library door.

She was going in to Charles. Her heart began to jump about.

. . . He was reading a paper — no, a pamphlet sort of thing. It was scholarly, of course, and probably abstruse.

She had always considered that Charles was n't a warm, human structure at all, but merely an ice-house for the storing up of ideas that might be brilliant, but were certainly dry.

However! She had, since reading the letter, taken a new valuation of

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Charles. She was not angry with him; at least, she did not think so; but she was prepared to play with him a little tigerishly.

She went and stood upon the hearth-rug, her hands linked.

He looked up — impatient, with condescending fondness. It was clear she had disturbed him. But he was a gentleman and she was his wife: Charles looked dangerously tolerant. He put his pamphlet down, his hand expressing gentle regret. He stared at her shoes.

'The pretty shoes! So you have n't changed them yet!' he said caressingly.

Jemima knew what was passing through his mind. He thought that, provoked by the remark, she would laugh and then flutter away; he would be amicably rid of her. She looked down at her feet, broodingly, stupidly. They seemed so infinitely removed — the costly gray shoes, the cobweb-thin stockings.

'What did you say this afternoon when I came in and showed myself?' she asked him in a choked voice.

'I said,' he stared, "What a baby you are!" And so you are.'

He picked up his pamphlet.

'Charles, do you want me to go?'

'Well, darling, if you have n't anything particular to say ——'

'But I have. I've got a letter from Beatrice.'

The significant movement of his hand did not escape her. Yet, looking at him searchingly, she saw nothing furtive, nothing afraid upon his face. He was either very clever, or he was callous beyond anything that she could comprehend.

'I'm not going to let you have it.' She regarded his stuck-out hand until, awkwardly, he drew it in.

She smiled. She looked entrancing — Jemima at her best. He thought, 'Sometimes she looks a girl again!'

And he thought of her as a girl, in her teens, when he had married her. His face became gentle and profoundly sad. That was many years before she utterly wrecked his life. He insisted upon the wrecking! He was having a lovely time, thanks to Jemima's divination of the things he wanted most. Yet he was set upon having an incurable injury. Jemima had maimed him for life.

'I'll read you bits,' she said, smiling still and sitting down. She spread her hands across the big writing table, and she added, 'When I came back to you ——'

'When I came back to you,' corrected Charles. 'You sent for me — by wire — after deserting me for years. I came at once. You had established yourself in this house. You had n't consulted me — but I raised no objection. I was devoted to you then, as I have been all through.'

He pushed the pamphlet from him with an air that she knew very well. It implied, 'She is in for one of her emotional exercises.'

'When I came back to you — when you came back to me —' she said, and she sounded dangerously playful, 'Beatrice was one of the few old friends who never wrote, who refused to have anything to do with me, who persisted in speaking of me as "that woman."'

She laughed in his face. He stared. He always distrusted this mood of hers — a mood of deadly frolic. She employed it in their quarrels.

'"That woman!" Who told you she said that?'

'Of course she did. It is exactly what a thoroughly respectable matron would say. And she has ignored me. I have n't said much, but ——'

'Pardon me, my dear, but you have said a great deal.'

Jemima shot at him an arch shrug.

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'So I did,' she laughed. 'I said, "When the poor Magdalen does at last stagger out of the gutter, a really good woman like Beatrice ought to be ready to give her a helping hand."'

'Well, well!' — he was impatient — 'What's she got to say? Why has she written at last?'

'Because,' pursued Jemima, not heeding him, 'if you are not given a helping hand you may fall into the gutter again.'

'I,' said Charles grandly, and with a total lack of humor, 'am the proper person to keep you out of the gutter — and I have.'

'The worst of your really, truly good woman,' persisted Jemima, looking at him roguishly, 'is that she is never there when the Magdalen wants her most. As for gutters — I never had a passion for them.'

'I know you never had. I insisted upon that. I defended you all through.' Charles appeared anguished. 'It was just that he ——'

'Never mind him. We'll talk about her.'

'Beatrice! But, pardon me, Jemima, the position ——'

'Quite different, of course,' she agreed equably.

'Look here!' Charles displayed himself as unusually alert. 'Why don't you read the letter? What are you keeping up your sleeve?'

'I'll read it in a minute, when I'm ready. She treated me abominably, and now she dares to write to ask me if ——'

She broke off, lowering her voice, lowering her head. Charles saw her mouth quiver. He was triumphant. Never before had she seemed crushed. She had carried everything off with a high hand.

'Of course you were treated abominably. You can't deny that Bertram let you down. I've never plagued you with questions about the ins and outs of the affair. I've trusted you clean through. I knew you'd never really hurt my honor, and you never did.'

'No. I never did.'

'But why did n't he either run off with you or else keep his mouth shut? Why did he shilly-shally? That's what I can't forgive.'

'Still,' she stared, 'you are glad that I did n't run off?'

'Yes,' he glowed, yet also he sighed, 'I'm glad. But Bertram let you down.'

Jemima heard him say that name — for the first time since they had lived in this house. Her eyes, dry and brilliant, looked through the big window with the big panes. She saw the pearly Channel. She had no eager throb of the heart, and yet the very mention of that name had once made her whole being swim deeply in some dangerous joy. But they were all growing old; they had receded from that time of mad, entrancing color, from those moments which might mean rapture, poetry, murder — anything!

She took the letter out. Charles was looking at it. Yes, poor thing, he was looking at it!

'Not a long letter,' he said.

His voice was faint, his smile was sickly.

'You are tired. Shall I read it to you after dinner?' she asked tenderly.

'Read it now. Can't you see that you are torturing me?'

'Am I? I'll read it you in bits.'

'Why bits? I don't suppose there is much in it. She never was a letter writer.'

'Was n't she? Well, she 's excelled herself at last. Listen to this.'

'*I tell you now what you might have known all along. Something happened which was inevitable. All the years that you lived away from Charles he was my lover. I tell you this, Jemima. I glory in it.*'

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'There!' said Jemima, quite blithely. 'What do you make of that?'

She looked at Charles. To her cool amazement, nothing much was on his face. It expressed a faint disgust, a little shy and masculine discomfort. She had never really known Charles, but he now became a bigger stranger than ever.

'Is it true?' she asked.

'Yes it's true. What did you expect? When a man's wife runs off and leaves him ——'

'Setting him an example which he feels bound to follow! Shall I go on reading her letter?'

'No. I decline to listen. It is mean of her; it is despicable — and like a woman. The whole thing is past. I've never seen her since I came back to you. I've never written her so much as a post card. There was a deuce of a scene, and then —— Why does she want to go digging up the ——'

'You'll know why later on.'

'I won't listen. If you want the plain truth, you can have it from me.'

'Yes, I'll have it, please.'

She leaned back in her chair; she rolled the letter into a thin scroll and played her fingers round it.

She looked at her husband's pale and sulky face. She searched her own heart for rage, jealousy, or despair. There was nothing. This scene between them was effete. It was unlike what an interview between a married couple upon such a topic should be. Her resentment and disgust with her growing years, with her chilling blood, found vent.

'I'd give my new shoes,' she broke out, frantic and absurd, 'for one of our good old royal rows.'

'Would you?' He was caustic. 'They half-killed me — and the making up was worse. We do have peace and quietness nowadays.'

He flung himself back. He became easy, almost businesslike, yet through him burned a certain shamed ferocity.

'It was soon after Tom's death, and soon after you took yourself off with Bertram ——'

'No, not with Bertram. Never!'

'It was the same thing. Don't interrupt. Beatrice wrote and asked me to run down for the week-end. I went. What do you expect of a man? We were both hard hit, and she — well, you remember how sympathetic she always was? I'd been having a deuce of a time — sleepless nights, and so on. She'd been ordered away to drink the waters. So — to cut it short — we went to ——'

'I'd rather not know where.'

'You've got to know. It was Droitwich. Partly for health, you understand, and partly for — well, now you've got it!'

'Yes, I've got it,' faltered Jemima, and they looked at each other with a certain blank savagery.

'But how dared you blame me?' she asked him at last. 'Think what your attitude has been! The magnanimous husband! The man of rectitude!'

'Why not? I blame you for everything that happened. Any man of the world would. When a fellow's wife runs off and ——'

'Well, never mind. You two went to Droitwich. Did you go again? I mean — did you keep on taking the waters — all the time?'

'Yes, more or less — from time to time.'

He amazed her. He had dropped so easily into it all; without any fuss, without any fineness. He had missed a great deal and been spared much. Jemima thought of her own mortal combat. How worn she had been — and yet how victorious — when, finally, she sent for Charles! He had not fought at all. He was, to-day, merely

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weary and disdainful. There was no splendor behind him.

He got up. He went to her, bending down, setting his hands on her shoulders.

'Jemima, I've loved you clean through; just you. I've been true. Things like that — going off to Droitwich — just a hungry episode — it does n't count.'

'It counted for Beatrice. Take your hands off my shoulders.'

He left her at once, and stood by the empty fireplace.

'Yes, she cared,' he admitted coolly. 'Poor girl! She had always cared.'

His wife looked at him — maternally, indulgently.

It was true that he had remained faithful — in all things that matter. He had bluntly broken his marriage vow, which she had never done. Yet he remained true, while she must always be false. Charles watched her face. He advanced.

'Don't sit there thinking of him, Jemima.'

'No, I won't. Go back to your chair, dear.'

'In a minute. Do you remember the day I came here to you?'

She nodded.

'We had our first interview up there' — he pointed to the ceiling.

'No, we did n't. I was watching for you at this window. I opened the front door myself. I only had one servant — purposely and — purposely — I had sent her to church. It was Sunday. You took me straight into your arms, just inside the front door, which we had left wide open. I thought, "Thank goodness! Charles can be impulsive at last!"'

'I lost my head, just for the moment.' He turned sulky. 'I had not seen you for three years. I mean — afterwards — when we went upstairs and got to business.'

'Business!'

'You know what I mean perfectly well. Naturally, there was a great deal to explain. You *would* stand in the big bow window. Don't you recollect? Talking in your passionate, inconsequent way, and ——'

'I remember.' She nodded again. 'You said, "Come away from the window. Somebody will look up."'

'Well, you were crying.'

'What if I was? I could n't stop to think of who might see.'

'I always keep my head, Jemima, and you never do. I reflected that if we were going to settle here ——'

'Oh — yes, yes. And you pulled me away from the window.'

'I did. I put my hands on your shoulders — like this. Stand up."

Rather wondering at herself, she obeyed.

'Like this," repeated Charles, with his hands, heavy, cold, upon her shoulders. 'I said — now, what did I say?'

'You said, "Jemima, you never meant so much to me as you do at this moment."'

'That was it. And I meant it.'

'I believe you did. Now let me sit down. There is a bit more of the letter to read.'

He left her. He flung himself savagely into his chair.

'The letter! What the devil ——'

'I'm very sorry.' Her hand, calmly outstretched, arrested him. 'I must read it.'

'But why? I don't want to listen. I won't. Tear it up. I forbid you to answer it. Can't you see — that ——'

He broke off in bashful disgust.

'Can't you see that — as I said just now — it was a hungry episode?'

'My dear' — she looked into his cold and weary face — 'there is a bit more that you've simply got to listen to.'

She unrolled the letter and read:

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'*So now I lie dying. It may come at any moment; it must come within three weeks. The doctors say so. Let me see him, Jemima. Send him to me. If he could be with me at the last, then I would not feel so horribly afraid* ——'

'Stop!' said Charles huskily.

But Jemima read on. She flowed.

'*I write to you because I know that you will send him. You, of all women in the world, will understand.*'

'Yes, I understand. I, "of all women,"' quoted Jemima gravely and folding the letter up. 'That is her tribute to me. I, "of all women."'

She looked at Charles and he now appeared conventionally shocked — just that! He had recovered himself.

'Poor soul!' he said coolly.

He never stirred. He seemed built into that luxurious chair. He did not mean to go.

Jemima bounded up; she rang the bell. She could hardly understand the fiery indignation of her aroused heart. He did not mean to go! And Beatrice, who had loved him, lay dying.

When the parlormaid came in, she gave meticulous instructions that his bag was to be packed for an immediate journey, for possibly a lengthy visit. And they were to send for a cab. It must be at the house in ten minutes.

When they were alone again she said, 'You 'll just catch the seven-five. There's a change at Horsham and a long wait. You can dine there.'

'But I'm not going to-night. I must think it over. I may not go at all. Don't you see? If I went to-night I should arrive late. The house is miles from anywhere. There is no place where I could put up. You are so unpractical. Now, to-morrow morning!'

'To-morrow morning she may be dead.'

'So she may to-night, so far as that goes,' he retorted, with perfect truth. 'But arriving late! Don't you see? The imprudence of it — the unfairness to Beatrice — even looking at it in that light. Think of her. Don't you ever think of anything, Jemima, but your own headlong impulses? The house is sure to be crammed with relatives, and ——'

'Relatives! Can't you see that you 've got first claim? She wants you, poor thing — and you don't want to go. That's at the back of it. Have n't you got a bit of feeling for her, Charles?'

'I'm dazed, that's all.' He looked vague. 'And I love you,' he added in a funny voice. 'Surely you don't want me to go?'

'She wants you to go — that's all I feel about it.'

'Then you are n't jealous?'

'Jealous!'

As she echoed him, the ineptitude of that once ferocious quality — jealousy — struck her as almost amusing.

She had outlived jealousy. Or she had outlived love. Which was it?

'Of course I am not jealous. I want you out of this house and on your way to her before it is too late.'

Charles was impressed anew by the sheer magnificence of women. They could always skim over the primitive enmity of the thing if the position were big enough. For his part, he would be skinned alive before he would allow Jemima to go to Bertram if he were dying. Yet he was convinced that she would go.

The fact that Jemima could appear noble because she had become indifferent had not yet suggested itself to his still abundant complacence.

He thought also of Beatrice. She had very often marred the moment; she had prevented him from really loving her — had he ever been in danger of it — by the bitter things she used to say of his wife; things that scraped him raw, for it was his wife he loved. Then she would suddenly drop

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to extreme tenderness and murmur some effulgent 'Poor little Jemmy!' She became more tender to Jemima than he was himself.

Women were a plague and a problem!

'I can't go,' he said blusteringly. 'I won't go. To-morrow morning, perhaps. Why can't I wire first? That's it.'

Jemima went and knelt beside him. She kissed him, and this she had not done for ever so long. Very early in their reunion they had come to the sensible conclusion that mere marital night and morning peckings were not only ridiculous but an assault upon the memory of kisses that had been.

Now she kissed him. Her lips were cool and fresh and lingering.

'You'll go,' she said in her tenderest voice.

It carried him back a whole decade and his head felt bursting.

'Why can't you always be like this?' he asked.

He gave her a look which reached her soul. She stood up quickly. She looked through the window.

'It does n't matter about me,' she said stiffly. 'It is Beatrice who matters. And here is the cab.'

'You've ordered a cab!'

'Yes. Did n't you hear me arrange everything with Vardon? She is putting in your bag now. Your hat and gloves! Here they are.'

She picked them up from the side-table, where he had flung them down when he came in from the club.

'And your stick is in the hall. Or shall it be an umbrella? No — an umbrella's absurd.'

She spoke rapidly, with ghastly airiness.

Charles, like a man who dreams, jammed his hat on and went to the door.

Jemima flung her arms round his neck. Again she kissed him, with a curious, superb passion.

'Let me know how she is. Stop as long as — as long as — you understand?'

'It's absurd,' grumbled Charles. 'I hate to be hustled like this.'

. . . . . .

Jemima watched the cab drive off. Then she went upstairs and sat in the big-bowed window. She felt stunned, yet sunny. She was filled with the most extraordinary, the most heavenly calm. She appeared to have divested herself of several things that had hindered her progress towards God.

. . . . . .

Charles caught his train. He sat in it, thinking of women and his heart felt sore.

'She does n't love me,' he said. 'She'd have flown into a temper if she had loved me. She did n't seem to care a hang.'

As for Droitwich, as for the dying woman toward whom — against his wish — he hurried, he hardly reflected upon all of that. It was Jemima for him, now and always.

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FORBIDDEN GLIMPSES OF R.L.S.

BY E. V. LUCAS

One of the most interesting booksellers' catalogues that has come my way for many moons lies now before me — relating to a collection of 125 Stevenson letters for which the modest or immodest (I am insufficiently versed in autograph values to say which) sum of £2,200 is asked. Speaking as a layman, but with recollections of the prices at the Red Cross sales of MSS., I should say that this is not dear. I refer at the moment purely to finance. When it comes to spiritual worth, to the revelation of the soul of the writer of these letters, appraisement falters, for the value of the collection to the student of R.L.S. and to his future biographers is beyond estimation. This may be gauged by the analysis which the bookseller has made, informing us that of the 125 letters, 119 of which were written to Sir Sidney Colvin and six to Lady Colvin (then Mrs. Sitwell), 64 (comprising 18,150 words) are wholly unpublished, and 61 have been only partly published, 9,200 words out of their total of 31,050 words being new.

Now, over 25,000 words (representing a space equal to between 16 and 17 pages of the *Outlook*) of fresh and personal intimacy, hot from the untrammeled pen of the most fascinatingly autobiographical of modern authors, are a possession indeed!

That there were very good reasons for withholding publication in full, no one acquainted with Sir Sidney Colvin's editorial tact and sagacity will doubt. The time was not yet, and is not yet. Nor, if it were permissible for any purchaser of the collection to rush into print with his discoveries, would Sir Sidney and Lady Colvin ever have allowed the collection to leave their hands. When, from patriotic motives, they decided to sell these letters in order that the proceeds might form some tangible reply to the War Loan appeal, they were influenced by the knowledge that the copyright law was their guaranty against indiscretion. According to recent decisions regarding this, one of the most complex branches of our legislation, the property acquired by a purchaser is merely the substance, the paper and the ink; the spirit — the words — belongs to the heirs or assignees of the original writer. This is a point on which I happen to be only too well informed, owing to the intricacies of the case of another letter writer and autobiographer of genius, Charles Lamb. Although Lamb died as long ago as 1834, no new letter in his hand coming to light to-day could be given to the world by its finder without the risk of prosecution by the publishing firm which within the past few years acquired the copyright from a descendant of Edward Moxon. I know at the moment of a packet of new letters that passed between Lamb and Fanny Kelly, the actress, to whom in 1819 he proposed, but even if I were able to secure possession of them, I could not print them, except by arrangement with the firm in question.

In course of years these new Stevenson letters will, of course, be printed in their entirety; and judging by the

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extracts which the bookseller gives, all chosen from the unpublished portions, the ultimate withholding of them would be a calamity, for they show their writer in many of his most attractive moods, not least so when he is most capricious and least happy. The period covered is from September 15, 1873, when Stevenson was twenty-three, to May, 1888, when he was sailing for the South Seas, and they thus embrace the Swanston, French, Swiss, Bournemouth, Emigrant Train, and San Francisco periods; and, again judging by the catalogue's extracts, there is not a word without the hall-mark of his intense *sui-generis-ity*. A few follow, many of them apparently harmless enough, but all torn, it must be remembered, from their context; and all provocative of a not illegitimate curiosity:

'Always the gulf over which no man can go, always a great hell between people.'

'It's awful humbug to go to bed. As jolly old Sir Thomas Browne said, "The huntsmen are already up in Persia."'

Concerning trouble over the preparation of the *Child's Garden of Verses:* 'What am I to do with my beastly little girls, do tell me? . . . There they are, straightened up all right. . . . I never knew anything cost me so much actual *pain* as this little morsel of rearrangement.'

Later: 'I do begin to pine amain for the Child's Garden. . . . The pole star of my life is the Garding. And still the printers tarry.'

'O the deep peace and utter blessedness of indifference! . . . As for misery, I have put a penknife through my contract with her; she is my wife no more.'

'I have just finished a 20-page article for [Leslie] Stephen [then editor of the *Cornhill*] (accepted) in which, for the first time to my knowledge, you will meet with the real *Villon*. It is, Mr. Colvin, sir, a remarkable production.'

'The world is a wild place to set poor souls adrift in. . . . We run as in the Greek games with our soul burning naked in our hands, and in such windy quarters! Why it does not go out and leave us peaceably in the dark I cannot think. But I am built for misfortunes; they digest with me like prunes; *ruat cœlum*, and you behold me still smiling at the end. . . . What will become of me? God knows, who made us all — and the chessboard into the bargain.'

Of German Professors: 'I know their tricks; I have seen their works; there 'll be a special pit for them in hell, where they 'll make indices (or indexes) to all Eternity.'

'[J. A.] Symonds grows much upon me: in many ways, what you would least expect, a very sound man, and very wise in a wise way. It is curious how F. [Mrs. R.L.S.] and I always turn to him for advice; we have learned that his advice is good.'

'My father, after you departed, consoled himself with Charles Dickens, who is — figure it! I had forgotten — a connection of the family.'

'I have had ā somewhat curious adventure this afternoon, trying to protect a poor crazy preacher in the Queen's Park from a posse of rude boys and brutal old men. . . . Much that he said was real Christianity.'

'I want — I want — I want a holiday; I want to be happy; I want the moon; or the sun or something. I want the object of my affections badly, anyway; and a big forest; and fine breathing, sweating, sunny walks; and the trees all crying aloud in a summer's wind; and a camp under the stars.'

And again, another variation of the

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escape *motif* that recurred and recurred in Stevenson's letters:

'And O! if I could get into a sort of clean wide bed in any airy room, and sleep for months, and be waked in mid July by birds and the shadows of leaves in the room, and rise and dress myself and be quite well and strong and find that dozens of things had been dreams and were gone away forever!'

The Outlook

THAT DUEL!

BY A. A. M.

[According to the papers, two Frenchmen have agreed to fight a duel in aeroplanes.]

'CAULIFLOWER!' shrieked Gaspard Volauvent across the little table in the *estaminet*. His face bristled with rage.

'Serpent!' replied Jacques Rissole, bristling with equal dexterity.

The two stout little men glared ferociously at each other. Then Jacques picked up his glass and poured the wine of the country over his friend's head.

'Drown, serpent!' he said magnificently. He beckoned to the waiter. 'Another bottle,' he said. 'My friend has drunk all this.'

Gaspard removed the wine from his whiskers with the local paper and leaned over the table towards Jacques.

'This must be wiped out in blood,' he said slowly. 'You understand?'

'Perfectly,' replied the other. 'The only question is whose.'

'Name your weapons,' said Gaspard Volauvent grandly.

'Aeroplanes,' replied Jacques Rissole after a moment's thought.

'Bah! I cannot fly.'

'Then I win,' said Jacques simply.

The other looked at him in astonishment.

'What! You fly?'

'No; but I can learn.'

'Then I will learn too,' said Gaspard with dignity. 'We meet — in six months.'

'Good.' Jacques pointed to the ceiling. 'Say three thousand feet up.'

'Three thousand four hundred,' said Gaspard for the sake of disagreeing.

'After all, that is for our seconds to arrange. My friend Epinard of the Roullens Aerodrome will act for me. He will also instruct me how to bring serpents to the ground.'

'With the idea of cleansing the sky of cauliflowers,' said Gaspard, 'I shall proceed to the flying-ground at Dormancourt; Blanchaille, the instructor there, will receive your friend.'

He bowed and walked out.

Details were soon settled. On a date six months ahead the two combatants would meet three thousand two hundred feet above the little town in which they lived, and fight to the death. In the event of both crashing, the one who crashed last would be deemed the victor. It was Gaspard's second who insisted on this clause; Gaspard himself felt that it did not matter.

The first month of instruction went by. At the end of it Jacques Rissole had only one hope. It was that when he crashed he should crash on some of

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Gaspard's family. Gaspard had no hope, but one consolation. It was that no crash could involve his stomach, which he invariably left behind him as soon as the aeroplane rose.

At the end of the second month Gaspard wrote to Jacques.

'My friend,' he wrote, 'the hatred of you which I nurse in my bosom, and which fills me with the desire to purge you from the sky, is in danger of being transferred to my instructor. Let us therefore meet and renew our enmity.'

Jacques Rissole wrote back to Gaspard.

'My enemy,' he wrote, 'there is nobody in the whole of the Roullens aerodrome whom I do not detest with a detestation beside which my hatred for you seems as maudlin adoration. This is notwithstanding the fact that I make the most marvelous progress in the art of flying. It is merely something in their faces which annoys me. Let me, therefore, see yours again, in the hope that it will make me think more kindly of theirs.'

They met, poured wine over each other and parted. After another month the need of a further stimulant was felt. They met again, and agreed to insult each other weekly.

On the last day of his training Gaspard spoke seriously to his instructor.

'You see that I make nothing of it,' he said. 'My thoughts are ever with the stomach that I leave behind. Not once have I been in a position to take control. How then can I fight? My friend, I arrange it all. You shall take my place.'

'Is that quite fair to Rissole?' asked Blanchaille doubtfully.

'Do not think that I want you to hurt him. That is not necessary. He will hurt himself. Keep out of his way until he has finished with himself, and then fly back here. It is easy.'

It seemed the best way; indeed the only way. Gaspard Volauvent could never get to the *rendezvous* alone, and it would be fatal to his honor if Jacques arrived there and found nobody to meet him. Reluctantly Blanchaille agreed.

At the appointed hour Gaspard put his head cautiously out of his bedroom window and gazed up into the heavens. He saw two aeroplanes straight above him. At the thought that he might have been in one of them he shuddered violently. Indeed he felt so unwell that the need for some slight restorative became pressing. He tripped off to the *estaminet*.

It was empty save for one table. Gaspard walked toward it, hoping for a little conversation. The occupant lowered the newspaper from in front of his face and looked up.

It was too much for Gaspard.

'Coward!' he shrieked.

Jacques, who had been just going to say the same thing, hastily substituted 'Serpent!'

'I know you,' cried Gaspard. 'You send your instructor up in your place. Poltroon!'

Jacques picked up his glass and poured the wine of the country over his friend's head.

'Drown, serpent,' he said magnificently. He beckoned to the waiter. 'Another bottle,' he said. 'My friend has drunk all this.'

Gaspard removed the wine from his whiskers with Jacques's paper and leaned over him.

'This must be wiped out in blood,' he said slowly. 'Name your weapons.'

'Submarines,' said Jacques after a moment's thought.

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THE FUTURE OF GERMAN SHIPPING

BY O. MATHIES

THE future of Germany's marine shipping is gloomy enough. In accordance with the terms of the prolonged armistice, in order to secure Germany the requisite foodstuffs her merchant ships have to be handed over to her enemies. The official press announces that this surrender of the mercantile fleet is only to last for the duration of the armistice, and it is, therefore, the more necessary for the German Government to endeavor to get the peace treaty signed as soon as possible in order that the merchant ships may be restored. No German statesman ought to affix his signature to the treaty unless it contains a clause providing for the restoration of the mercantile marine. The enemy press is reiterating the claim that the German merchant fleet belongs to the victors, basing the demand on the principle that the ships that have been sunk must be replaced, ton for ton. This claim is entirely unjustified, for the unrestricted U-boat warfare, even if it was contrary to international law, was only the counter-stroke to the hunger blockade carried on by the enemy equally in defiance of international law, and it should be remembered that England sank without warning merchant ships in the Mediterranean and the Baltic.

But the danger that threatens German shipping does not spring from the action of the enemy alone, but from that of certain circles within the country. For socialization, which is exalted as one of the main aims of the political and economic revolution, threatens to be extended to shipping. When the draft of the Imperial Bill for the reconstruction of the mercantile marine was under discussion, a representative of the Independent Socialists in the Reichstag proposed that marine shipping should be nationalized. This cry is now being raised again, but it is only to be hoped that before nationalization is resorted to the competent authorities will make exhaustive inquiry into its practical feasibility and its reaction on the whole economic system. Such an inquiry would undoubtedly lead to the rejection of the nationalization proposal, for no branch of the nation's economic life so urgently requires that elasticity of movement which is rendered impossible in government-managed concerns. The supporters of nationalization point to the railways, which for years have been managed, and that too successfully, by the State. But there is a vast difference between an undertaking which is confined within the frontiers of the State and one whose field of activity is the world-ocean. Theoretically it would be possible for the Imperial authorities to force German business men to load their goods on to Imperial ships, but in practice such compulsion would not be feasible, since overseas customers could purchase their goods f.o.b. German ports instead of c.i.f. overseas and German importers c.i.f. Hamburg. Moreover, the limitation of the owners' profits in favor of the State, which is more or less the main aim of all efforts at socialization, would not be able to turn the scale for the nationalization of

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shipping. The average profit of the German large shipping companies during the last ten years of peace was only between six and six and a half per cent.

The standpoint from which German shipping as an effective link in the whole German economic system must be carried on is best shown from an answer given by Carl Laeisz, the chairman of the board of directors of the Hamburg-America line, to a shareholder who demanded higher dividends: 'We are not here to obtain high dividends, but to carry on shipping.' Quite apart from the fact that experience has shown State managership to be more cumbrous and more expensive than that of private individuals, it is of special importance to realize that foreign shipping with which that of Germany must compete — not only neutral but enemy shipping — has earned extraordinarily large profits during the war, and is fully equipped for the competitive struggle after the war.

The strength of the German shipping firms lay in their ocean liners. To regain the old position of those liners will be a task of the utmost importance not only in the interest of the shipping firms themselves but in that of the entire economic system of the country, since the ocean traffic was the mainstay of German foreign trade. The task will be a difficult one, since at first the import of foodstuffs and raw materials, no matter whence they may come, will be all important. Moreover, there will at first be a shortage of outgoing cargoes, since Germany's export industry is at a low ebb, and has been more injured by the economic revolution than by the war. A great number of German liners used to ply between foreign ports, especially those in America and Asia. It will be especially difficult to regain this trade, since during the war foreign ships have established themselves on these routes. If after peace is signed more attention is paid to German tramp steamer traffic it will be a good thing, since in that respect England was far in advance of Germany.

A general survey of the prospects of German shipping forbids the conclusion that they are brilliant. They are closely bound up with the development of the shipbuilding yards during the war. The U-boat campaign forced our enemies to increase ship construction in order to make good the loss of cargo space, and the commandeering of German ships will force Germany to do the same after the war. The consequence has been the extension of nearly all the world's shipyards and the start of numerous new ventures. At the end of 1913 there were in Germany 13 shipping companies with a total capital of 83,300,000,000 marks. In October, 1918, there were 30 companies, with a capital of 163,600,000,000 marks. German yards before the war were able to deliver 400,000 g.t.r. annually, but for the first year of the war the output was estimated at between 700,000 and 800,000 g.t.r., a figure, which, taking all the new companies into consideration, increased to 1,000,000 g.t.r. in the third year of the war. Before the war English yards delivered about 2,000,000,000 g.t.r. a year, while at present the annual output is between 2,800,000,000 and 3,000,000,000 g.t.r. The output of the Japanese yards has increased from 75,000 to 400,000 g.t.r. per year, and that of the Norwegian yards from 60,000 to 200,000 g.t.r. The American yards show the greatest increase in output. In 1917 alone $162,000,000,000 were invested in new shipbuilding undertakings. Before the war the yards turned out 400,000 g.t.r. a year, but in 1918 about 2,000,000,000. It should, too, be remembered that the

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former figure refers in the main to ships for the Great Lakes, while the latter figure refers almost exclusively to ocean liners. According to English statistics, the United States mercantile marine has increased by about 3,000,000,000 g.t.r. during the war. After the war the world's annual output will be between 7,000,000,000 and 8,000,000,000 g.t.r. as against between 2,000,000,000 and 3,000,000,000 before it.

Taking the decline of the world's tonnage during the war as from 40,000,000,000 g.t.r. to 27,000,000,000, the estimate of the *Journal of Commerce*, this loss will be made good by new construction in at most another two years. While before the war the world's tonnage increased annually by about 3,000,000,000 g.t.r., the increase in future will be more than twice as large. But since, on the other hand, there will be not nearly as large a quantity of goods requiring transport, at no very distant date there will be a considerable excess of cargo space, which will bring about a crisis in the shipping world such as has never been experienced. In the efforts of the various shipping firms to win through this crisis their reserves will turn the scale. Unfortunately, during the war, the German shipping firms have not only been unable to increase their reserves, but have had to make serious inroads on them, while neutral and even enemy shipping companies have been able to lay by large sums. If the German firms are none the less able to weather the storm, all socialization experiments which will limit the profit-making possibilities of the companies for the first few years or restrict their liberty of action must be dropped. Another important feature will be the shape assumed by the price of ship construction. It is obvious that companies who have entered their fleet at a low figure in their ledgers will be able to win through with lower-priced freights than firms whose ships appear at a high figure. For that reason German shipping companies which have to replace their losses by building new ships will in future be much interested in the development of wage and labor conditions in the yards.

The shipyard workers' wages have been so increased under the pressure of political circumstances that no shipping firms will be able to compete when shipbuilding costs so much. Even under the conditions prevailing before the revolution the shipping companies in spite of a Government subsidy in order to replace each ship that was lost, had to supply from their own resources a sum equal to the vessel's full peace value. Accordingly a prerequisite for the future of German marine shipping is a reduction of the extravagantly high wages of the workers in the yards, and also of the price of material, which has been forced up by the wages of the miners and steel workers. This is also of vital importance for the future of the yards, which, like the shipping companies, are threatened by the over-production of cargo space. Its consequence will be that the shipping companies will hesitate to give out contracts, and this will cause the yards to underbid each other. Even if the yards, in view of the existing shortage of cargo space, are able for a time to obtain contracts at the prices occasioned by the high wages, it will not be for long. That would betoken the most serious consequences for the workmen, who would starve. Apart from the high wages, the yards will have a difficulty in winning through, and it may be doubted whether many of the new undertakings will be able to hold out, while the others will need to strain all their financial resources to maintain their

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position. Accordingly, the same principle holds good for the yards as for the shipping companies: there must be no State intervention, no socialization experiments, no restrictions of profit-making possibilities, but the most far-reaching freedom and independence. Whatever opinion may be held of socialization in undertakings within the country, in all domains in which Germany has to compete with foreign countries it would be disastrous, and in no case is this more true than in shipping and shipbuilding, whose field of activities is the entire world.

The Weltwirtschaftszeitung

THE GERMAN FOOD SITUATION

BY A. SCHMITT

To the question, whether our supplies will hold out until the next economic year, my reply must be in the negative. There are two ways to cover the deficit. The rations might be further reduced, which, however, would be hardly possible.

The only other remedy is to be found in imports from foreign countries. The German workmen believed that the chivalrous enemy would lift the blockade immediately after the armistice was signed. The hope was a delusion. I do not wish to give the impression that it is necessary for the German people to stand like beggars before the doors of the Entente. Even in their distress, our people are entitled to justice. Everything points to the fact that the economic war will be waged with all severity, even after peace is declared. The English black lists have only lately been enlarged by the names of Dutch firms who traded with German firms. Norway may not export her enormous yield of fish to Germany. Millions are wasted. Hungary also is not allowed to export to us. The negotiations at Spa were broken off because the Entente demanded the surrender of the German merchant navy, including the ships which will leave German shipbuilding yards during the next six months, without in return guaranteeing to supply us with food. Thus the question of covering the deficit until the next harvest is still unanswered. In addition, all possibilities of import have been upset by the senseless strikes and political disturbances. We could have imported large quantities of foodstuffs, *e.g.*, rice, oil, milk, meat, and foreign fruit if we could have offered the necessary compensation in coals, potash, and iron. As the matter lies, these foodstuffs have been snapped up in front of our eyes. Traffic is suspended and the coal production rests on a tottering basis. Foreign countries do not want our depreciated money, they want our productions. Can our laborers not see that every strike imposes further hardships on us, and that they themselves suffer the most? After every strike workmen appeal to me for increased supplies of foodstuffs, after having just thrown away their only means of paying for the same with coals, potash, and iron. Even the distribution of the available foodstuffs is made increasingly dubious. Railway traffic is held up. If these conditions continue, I do not know how I am to regulate the supply of large towns. I cannot undertake the responsibility for the supply of these towns, if the other side does not return to reason and common sense. What is this fight for freedom if it harms innocent children? Cannot our workers free themselves of such despotism? Even the provisioning of the districts on the left bank of the Rhine is in danger owing to the food transports being robbed. 4,500 ctr. sugar were stolen in transit

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during December. The only way to put an end to illicit trade would be to increase the rations to such an extent that illicit trade would be rendered unnecessary. We cannot do without compulsory control. I hoped that the Peasants' Councils would aid us in reorganizing the appropriation of foodstuffs, but I have been disappointed. The majority of the Peasants' Councils do as they please. It is criminal to tell farmers that they also may strike. Those are the Spartacists of the Farmers' Unions. Can Herr Roesicke justify his conduct in asking the peasants to refuse to supply foodstuffs unless compulsory control is abolished? It is impossible to get hold of the cattle stocks necessary to maintain the present meat ration, and, unfortunately, I shall be obliged to reduce the ration. Pulse will be supplied as a substitute. According to statistics by medical men, 70,000 more people have died in the towns during the four years of war than in peace time. Foreign journalists certainly find the conditions normal in the first-class hotels which they frequent. But the prices are so high that they cannot be taken into consideration, even at the present high wages. These journalists should examine the outskirts of large towns and see what the laboring classes eat. Compulsory control is not an economic system; measures for its abolition have been taken in connection with early vegetables and fruit, also dried vegetables, sauerkraut, and pickled vegetables. In the case of pulse we may have to seize one-half only, and perhaps release the other, and in the case of barley and oats we may be able also to make concessions above a certain quantity. Hay and straw may also be released, and beer partly, after the hospitals have been provided for. Finally, we may be able to release the surplus sugar, after the general supply has been secured. But I must decidedly refuse to abolish the control of bread, grain, meat, butter, milk, and potatoes. A certain quantity of potatoes must be secured under any circumstances. The release of certain articles will probably lead to enormous prices being charged by the trade. I am inclined to give it a trial within a certain limit, but if these senseless price inflations continue, I shall return to maximum prices and carry the policy through at all costs.

It is a grave anxiety for the Government that an increase in production is prevented by an extraordinary shortage of labor. I do not think that German agriculture could cover our supplies. But everything shall be done to increase production, for we have not the means to pay for large imports. I see the solution of the labor question in the establishment of small farmers enabled by coöperative arrangements to make use of scientific achievements.

I have done everything to make it easy for agricultural laborers, who were employed in industry, to return to the land.

A new Landworkers' Act is under preparation. Wages will be newly fixed. I must ask our farmers to refrain from showing strong aversion to town workers. There are many people in our towns who are not strangers to agriculture. With regard to the supply of fertilizers everything has been done to improve production. The fortnight's strike in the nitrogen works, however, has ruined our hopes. Only a quiet economic development at home and humane discernment on the part of our enemies can save us.

The Lokal Anzeiger

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TALK OF EUROPE

SWITZERLAND AND THE LEAGUE

SWITZERLAND'S attitude to the League of Nations, which may be summed up in the words, participation, provided Switzerland's permanent neutrality is guaranteed, has been, according to an S.P.T. message in *Der Bund*, the subject of discussion between Lord Robert Cecil and M. Ch. Borgeaud, unofficial delegate of the Swiss Government to Paris. According to this message:

To put it shortly, Switzerland desires to join the League of Nations, but at the same time to maintain her permanent neutrality, which is a basic condition of the existence of the Swiss Republic. Otherwise Switzerland would cease to play the part of guardian of the Central Alps, and the whole stability of Middle Europe would be endangered thereby. But if Switzerland were allowed to join the league and at the same time to remain neutral in all military operations, she could be of great use to the league by reason of her neutrality. The Swiss Government does not demand that Swiss neutrality should be economic, but only military. In its view Switzerland could take part in measures for putting on economic pressure by the league; it made certain proposals regarding the undertaking of certain obligations by Switzerland, as, for example, that Switzerland should be entrusted with the office of 'international watchman,' whose duty it would be to draw the attention of the League of Nations to the existence of certain militarist tendencies among other members of the league. The chief point in the representations of the Swiss Government was, however, concerned with the maintenance of Switzerland's neutrality. Switzerland maintains that there is a great difference between her permanent neutrality and the occasional neutrality of Holland, Denmark, Sweden, etc.

A TALE OF TWO TONGUES

FOUR destroyers were moored side by side in a home waterway. The sea affair being over, it was tacitly agreed that the watch might go to sleep, if he found it inconvenient to remain awake. The 'water rats,' meaning the river police, did not approve of this winked-at restfulness. Thieves, they argued, might creep aboard and steal; a gun or a snotty even might be missing in the morning, or what was to prevent the destroyer itself being carried off. So, to point the moral, a sergeant of water rats insinuated himself aboard one night and took the tongue of the ship's bell as a proof of his success. In the morning he presented himself before 'the owner' and solemnly deposited the metal tongue on the table, briefly explaining how it had been acquired. Sleeping on watch, when *officially* known, is a matter to be dealt with. So the Quartermaster of the Middle Watch was sent for, shown the object on the table, and ordered to bring the tongue of the ship's bell. And he did bring it — having slipped aboard the adjacent destroyer and deprived her bell of its tongue. The owner sternly rebuked the water rat for giving false and malicious information, told him to clear out at once, and so the plot unthickened — leaving the owner meditating on *two* tongues presumably derived from a single ship's bell, his own.

THE GERMAN NAVY PROTESTS

THE *Weser-Zeitung* prints a telegram sent to Noske by the Supreme S.C. and the Marine Soldiers' Councils of the *Internierungsverband*, of which the date is not given. Complaint is made that the reputation of the navy has been so destroyed that discharged sailors and marines cannot even get employment in civil life owing to their alleged Bolshevik tendencies. The navy at the beginning of November set the ball of revolution rolling simply in order to give the German people a new and

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free Fatherland. It is now their duty to preserve the revolution against criminal attempts. The Committees now representing the navy in Berlin and Wilhelmshaven can no longer claim the confidence of the majority of the navy. A new election of members is demanded, and it is claimed that the numbers of the committees must be reduced so as to make them really responsible and efficient, if the government does not propose the abolition of the councils in their present form. The senders of the memorial offer their full support to any government borne of the will of the whole nation and professing a programme of order.

A NOTE ON DR. JOHNSON

JOHNSONIANS, more especially Catholic Johnsonians, may be glad to have their attention called to a very interesting paper on 'Dr. Johnson and the Catholic Church,' which Sir Charles Russell contributes to the March number of our Irish contemporary, *Studies*. As readers of Boswell are well aware, Johnson had several Catholics among his friends, and many points of Catholic doctrine and practice are discussed from time to time in the rich and varied conversations recorded in the famous biography. But even those readers who know them well already may gain some fresh light on the significance of these scattered notices when they are gathered together in a few pages and illustrated by the collector's knowledge of Catholic life in London in the eighteenth century. As a happy example of Sir Charles Russell's treatment of his subject, we may cite his comment on the Doctor's dictum that prisoners 'should be attended by a Methodist preacher or a popish priest.'

This leads Sir Charles Russell to believe that Johnson must have had some acquaintance with the preaching of Catholics, as otherwise it is unlikely that he would make such a statement. 'Another reason,' he adds, 'for believing that Johnson heard them preach is that in those days, although the ambassadors were allowed to have chapels, they were not allowed to have sermons in their chapels, and the various congregations had to resort to the expedient of adjourning to the upper chamber of some adjoining tavern, and there, with the aid of pots of beer and long clay pipes, to hear the sermons of their pastors.'

'The congregation of the Sardinian Chapel,' Sir Charles Russell continues, 'used to assemble in a public-house, which still exists, called the "Ship," situated in the Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and I like to fancy, as I go through that passage, that Johnson probably found his way to the upper chamber, and partook of the beer, even if he did not smoke the clay pipe, with the Catholic congregation there assembled. He certainly must have been aware of this Catholic practice, for nobody knew the tavern life of London better than he.'

'ZOOS' IN WAR TIME

THE great zoological gardens of Europe had a hard time during the war. Food for the inmates became scarce and dear, and new animals could not be imported to replace those which died. Of course, the British gardens — including the 'Zoo' in Dublin — escaped very lightly as compared with those in the invaded or blockaded countries of the Continent. To-day there are many empty cages in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. Cold winters, aggravated by a coal famine, played havoc with the beasts. When the German 'Big Bertha' found the range of Paris, and shells, as well as bombs, fell thick and fast, the guardians were in daily fear lest some of the wild animals should escape. The poisonous snakes were killed. Sentence of death had been passed on the lions, but they were reprieved at the last moment by the beginning of the German retreat. Germany's case was even worse. Hundreds of beasts in the gardens at Berlin, Hamburg, and elsewhere were killed for human food. Even the famous 'talking horses' of Elberfeld, which had aroused international curiosity, became victims of the war. They were sent to the front under a field gun, and, no doubt, long ago died mutely on the battlefield. The gardens at Cologne seem to have 'carried on' more successfully than the rest. From the recent report of a British private in the Army of Occupation we learn that they have contrived to keep

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their cages fairly full. Cologne can still boast six Polar bears, an elephant, a rhinoceros, four lions, and three tigers; but only three monkeys — the most delicate and exacting of all animals in captivity — have survived the war. Wild animals will be scarce and costly for some years to come, since the world's tonnage must be used to convey food rather than food-consumers. The list of Mr. Hamlyn, the well-known dealer, prices Indian baby elephants at £400 apiece. He cannot offer African elephants at present, but any of our readers can purchase a fifteen-foot python for £40. Irish travelers in remote lands always have kept a warm corner in their hearts for the Dublin Gardens, and we are sure that in the near future the 'Zoo' will be enriched by gifts from Africa and the Middle East. No doubt, many regimental 'mascots' will husband out life's taper in the peaceful shelter of zoological gardens. Few of them will have earned such repose better than the bear which the Russian Legion in France has just presented to the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*. Mishka followed the flag from Siberia to France, charged a German patrol at Berry au Bac, fought on a dozen other storied fields, was wounded in action, and received the personal congratulations of General Gouraud.

HIS BEAUTIFUL VOICE

NEITHER in the House of Commons nor in the House of Lords are the acoustic properties perfect, and one may have a great deal of sympathy for the reporters who recently could not hear a well-known Cabinet Minister, and sent a note of good-humored remonstrance to the speaker. The offender protested against the charge, and wound up his argument by declaring: 'Why, my daughter heard everything I said.' Had the right honorable gentleman ever heard the story of Archbishop Temple, who told a self-satisfied young curate that he could never hope to become a good preacher unless he cultivated a better delivery. 'But,' said the curate, 'a friend informed me the other day that I had a beautiful voice which could be heard all over the church.' 'Umph,' growled Dr. Temple, 'did *she?*'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Baron Makino is chief of the Japanese Delegation to the Paris Conference.

* * *

The Right Reverend Bishop Frodsham was, till recently, Bishop of North Queensland.

* * *

Siegfried Sassoon belongs to that group of young University poets whose work has been widely read throughout the war.

S. K. Ratcliffe, author and lecturer, has long been associated with British liberal journalism. He has made American affairs his particular study, and has lived much in America.

* * *

Herr Schmitt is the German Food Controller, and **O. Mathies** is president of the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce.

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IN CAMBRAI

BY LAURENCE BINYON

The Silence is a thing to feel and fear.
It is so human, that it hurts the mind
With all that is not, and that was, behind
These gaping walls, this murdered blankness. . . . Here
To have had pity on the prisoner
Was penal; and like engines set to grind
Spirit from flesh, the oppressors toiled to find
Weakness, elate if they could wring a tear.

The houses seem to bleed round the great square,
The Silence is so living and intense.
Yet what moves most my heart? Not the dead stare
Of Hate, full, glutted of its hideous will:
It is the thought of Hate's dull impotence,
It is the glory of all it cannot kill.

The Anglo-French Review

A CUCKOO — IN MACEDONIA

BY TREVOR ALLEN

Among these hills a cuckoo sang today.
Her solitary notes came like a hymn
To this war-weary land, and ebbed away—
It is the Spring, I said, with eyes half-dim.

The Spring! And those far hills beyond the plain
Have robed their wizened limbs with woods of beech;
Across the parched and barren valleys reach
Cornlands and farms and orchards; and a lane,
Fragrant with honeysuckle and wild rose,
Leads to yon village where ripe gardens bloom,
And no shell-riven desolation shows,
But trellised walls, a casement, and a room—

Where I shall see, as men in vision do,
The sudden glory of a well-loved face—
Red poppies in a vase of Wedgwood blue
And cretonne gladdening the window space.

. . . . . .

This ancient land forgets her ancient pain;
No guns boom; distantly a church bell rings;
An exile's Spring is England's Spring again,
And shell-holes blossom where the cuckoo sings.

The English Review

THE HERO

BY HENRY NEWBOLT

Her soul, as one that kneels by night,
Is inly given to thankful prayer,
But all her ways of life are light
With the proud radiance of her air.
The man that she divined before
Is now by half the world confessed,
And for a sign her eyes adore
The silver Rose upon his breast.

His lips make answer, but his mind
Is seared with unforgotten scenes:
He laughs not, lest he hear behind
The chattering of Death's machines.
For his own act his deed he knows
And loves his battle-honor well,
Yet — yet — that he might wear the Rose
A greater captain failed and fell.

The Outlook

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